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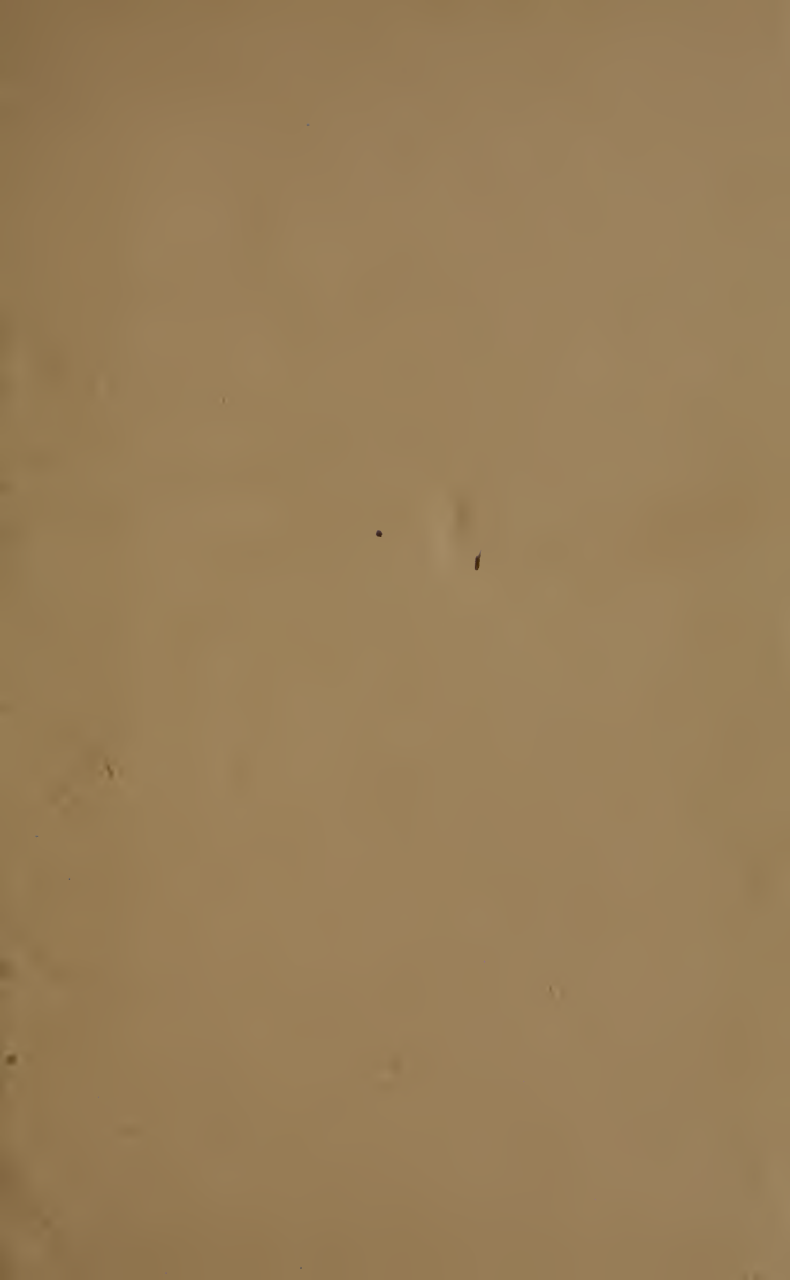
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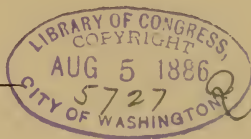
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ECHOES

Martha Conner BY
MRS. L. M. LEAVITT.
"



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TO MY DAUGHTER,
FLORENCE M. LEAVITT,
I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME.



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PREFACE.

In response to numerous calls for some particular Poem, I have decided to give a collection to the Public.

Trusting that they may be received in the same spirit in which they are given, that of kindness to all. *How* they were written, I shall not *here* attempt to explain. Each one is true to the condition which produced it.

While I well know that many of the utterances are but the overflowing of my own soul, yet I acknowledge that some are but as "echoes" which I have caught at the time, through the subtle links by which we are connected with the unseen world.

Although well aware that they contain imperfections; yet I send them forth, hoping that in *some* way they may benefit those who peruse their pages.

MRS. L. M. L.





ECHOES

EXPERIENCES.

A handful of treasures I've gathered,
They're mine, for I purchased them dear;
I carry them safe in my bosom,
Be the day full of sunshine, or drear.

No mortal can touch them through cunning,
Nor thieves can e'er break through and steal;
No eye can stare rudely upon them,
And none their importance may feel

Save I, who have tested their value,
Till I know they're richer than gold;
No rubies, or costliest diamonds,
Are aught to the treasures I hold.

I've gathered them in through the years,
And the months, and the days of the past;
I gather them in—in the present,
Though heavy, or light be the task.

I have passed a sweet day in the sunlight,
I have sat 'neath the low hanging cloud;
I have joyed in the springtime of childhood,
And wept at the pall, and the shroud.

I have tasted of life and its changes,
I have met with its sorrow and care;
And drank from the fountain of gladness,
And stood by the stream of despair.

Each passed, in their turn, like the springtime,
Borne on by the finger of Time;
But the treasures, so sacred, I'm keeping,
Experiences ever are mine.

GREETING.

[The following poem was read at a gathering of F. A. M., at the residence of B. H., Jan. 1878.]

We come, to-night, dear friend and brother,
A bit of sympathy to bring;
And show some kindness to each other,
And trust that better thoughts may spring
Within our hearts, to-night, for we
All feel the need of sympathy.

We know misfortune's weighty power,
Has lain her hand on you;
But through each dark and trying hour,
We feel your heart is true
As steel, like gold refined,
Your faith, and principle of mind.

The ties which bind our brotherhood,
No other man may know
Save he who proves them true and good,
And learns from whence they flow;
From the Great Architect above,
Flow blessings with a Father's love.

To Him, to-night, we consecrate
Our souls, with all their powers;
And may the blessed seeds we sow,
Yield bright immortal flowers;
To bloom forever on that shore,
Where pain and death shall come no more.

Where our Grand Master Worshipful,
Shall rule the Royal Arch;
While every Craftsman operate,
And on to Victory march.
A Badge of Honor, too, shall wear,
And deal forever on the Square.

Where Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, standing
Like pillars, firmly set,
The region 'round about commanding
That Justice none forget.
While Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Extend to all eternity.

Now, Brothers, let Hope's glorious anchor
Hold fast, though storms oppose,
The great All-seeing Eye above,
Was never known to close.
Whom Sun, and Moon, and Stars obey,
And leads us each, though dark the way.

Let working tools be rusted never
While we have work to do—
With Line, and Plumb, and Square, and Level,
We will the wrong subdue.
Forgetting not the Shining Lights
Which can illumine the darkest nights.

Our Lodge's Jewels we'll sustain,
And ever look above;
Our Fortitude we will maintain
And prize a Brother's Love.
Whose power shall lead our souls afar,
Beyond the bright and Blazing Star.

And when our dear Grand Master calls
Our souls to realms of Light,
May Lodge-room grand, receive us all,
Where day o'ercomes the night.
We'll meet with those now gone before,
And walk in Light forevermore.

OUR FADED FLOWER.

She passed from our sight like the flower of the
morning,
While the bright dews of Heaven still shone on
its leaves.
We sighed as we saw its bright beauty had faded,
As frosts nip the sweetness from foliage of trees.
That flower we had cherished, the pride of our
garden,
So lovingly fair and tender it grew,
We prided our hearts it might last forever,
With all its bright beauty to gladden our view.

But alas! we awoke from our long dreary slumber—
At our feet it lay withered, and dead did it seem;
For the cold frost of death had so cruelly nipped it—
Thus faded our treasure, the flower of our dream.

We mourn when we think we have lost our fair darling,

No more will she meet us to gladden our way;
For in the cold earth her lovely form slumbers,
And into deep night has turned our fair day.

Yet we feel that her spirit doth rest in the Heaven;
That care, pain, and sickness can enter not there.
We trust we may meet her in yonder blest mansion;
And greet there our darling, yes! this is our prayer.

Sometimes we have thought as we lay down to slumber,

Our loved one had come to soothe us to sleep;
Her light, fairy fingers did brush back the shadows,
And bid us be happy—forgetting to weep.

But alas! those sweet visions, they fly like the shadows,

While they dance 'round our way, like realities seem;

Say! do the departed sometimes hover near us?

Or am I mistaken, or is it a dream?

O tell me ye wise ones, if it be delusion,

That flows through my soul like a murmuring rill,
Or is it so real, my sweet flower is now living,
And does she, at times, come visit me still?

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

1885.

We watched our loved one day and night,
Receding from us ever;
And hastening from our fond embrace,
To cross the mystic river.

The boatman pale, he tarried there,
Upon the river dim;
Waiting to bear our loved one where
He never more would sin.

There never came a brighter morn
From o'er the distant sea,
The birds ne'er sung a sweeter song
Nor sadder, seemed to me;

Than when the angels left their bowers,
To hail a spirit's birth;
And twine a spiral wreath of flowers
From Heaven down to earth.

Those eyes had borrowed lustre
From angel forms near by;
As he gazed a farewell parting,
To those who saw him die.

But a brighter morn in Heaven
Was beckoning him to come ;
Angelic bands in waiting
Did bear our brother home.

But we miss him from our circle
When the evening shades come on,
For his voice is heard no longer—
A light from home is gone.

Yet again e'er long we'll meet him,
When earthly scenes are o'er ;
A union find in Heaven,
To parted be no more.

HOLD FAST TO YOUR BIRTHRIGHT.

I suppose you have read,
What was long ago said,
Concerning one Esau, of old ;
How for pottage, a mess, 'tis sad to confess,
His birthright to Jacob, he sold.

How sad was his lot,
As he stood on the spot
Where a blessing he hoped to receive
 From his father so kind—
 As Isaac was blind,
Him, Jacob did sadly deceive.

Allegorical themes,
Oft counted as dreams,
 A meaning quite often impart;
Then willingly lend, an ear now, my friend
 And give it a place in your heart.

For a lesson to each, this story may teach,
 If you trace it with care to the end;
For though ages have rolled, since first it was
 told,
 It much to the present may lend.
Perhaps one may speak, saying Esau was weak
 To do as he did at the time,
And part with his own, when well it was known,
 That he was the first of his line.

But if you declare that the case was unfair,
 And willingly cast it away;
I humbly will ask, nor deem it a task,
 Do you hold your birthright to-day?
Each child of the earth, has a right here by
 birth,

No matter what others may say;
And none should molest, nor dictate the rest,
But each his own conscience obey.

For this is his own, as has plainly been shown;
For long has this doctrine been taught;
Whilst we guard it with care, no other may
share,
Unless we go sell it for naught.
If we part with this treasure, then double the
measure
Of sorrow we heap o'er the soul;
When we seek for the blessing, we find the pos-
sessing
Has passed far beyond our control.

Then may we contend, as we press toward the
end,
That never our birthright be sold,
Else a sorrow so deep, far over us creep,
That the anguish can never be told,
For 'tis ours to maintain, without censure or
blame,
And no one can take it away—
Unless we go sell, for mere pottage, as well,
As Esau's old story doth say.

Let us seek for the light, maintain our birthright,
Ne'er faltering, but onward pursue;

For the truth shall not fail, and the right will
prevail

If each to his birthright be true.

Then friends, ere we part, from the depths of
the heart,

Keep your conscience so clean and so pure ;
'Tis your birthright my friends, whatever por-
tends,

Hold on to your birthright, be sure.

MEMORIAL DAY.

[Read at No. Turner, May 30, 1883.]

Back in our Country's Record,—'twas many years
ago,

A little band of exiles were wandering to and fro,
On the bosom of old ocean, they rode with weary
pain,

While anxious hearts were praying for the sight of
land again.

They had left their native country, with its green and
fertile sod,

Seeking for a new enfoldment, with a right to worship God—

Yes! to worship as their conscience should dictate a pathway true,

And to gain a blessed freedom in a region fair and new.

Many times their courage faltered, drifting on the dreary strand,

Till, at last, their hope was brightened by the cheering sight of land.

Forth they rushed, with spirits thankful, gladsome shouts rose on the air,

Smiles and tears were strangely blended, by the pilgrims kneeling there.

Though a wilderness before them, and the rolling wave behind;

They were fervent in devotion, deep and true, their peace of mind;

For their earnest prayer was answered, and the sunshine, broad and grand,

Shone around our band of pilgrims, as they stood on Plymouth's sand.

Years passed on—how hard the struggle to sustain the thread of life;

To subdue the grim old forest, or escape the red man's knife.

But success well crowned their efforts, growing like a prosperous tree,

Till they called their new-found country "Our own
Land, Home of the Free."

Often came a word of chiding, from the nation left
behind,

Till a yoke of slavish bondage, on their necks it
sought to bind.

But they smote it into atoms, cast aside oppression's
breath,

Vowing with a strength of purpose, Liberty! or give
us death.

But you well do know the story, and 'tis needless for
us here

To repeat in length of detail, while the record stands
so clear;

Yet a little we will mention that your memory may
retain,

Something of the old-time hardships, that for us did
freedom gain.

Noble souls roused in the conquest, valiant heroes
graced the day,

Brave, true hearts, with nerve and sinew, mingled in
the bloody fray;

Till the foe was fairly vanquished, and our nation
then declared

That the glorious gift of freedom, by each person
should be shared.

Independence was a password, and a constitution
framed,

As a mandate for the people, where their rightful
dues were named.

This observed with sacred reverence, while the na-
tion prospered well,
Till a large and growing country, with a record fair
to tell.

States were added to the Union, Territories waiting
stood,

Government and laws enacted, well considered to be
good.

Pride and wealth were freely given, intellect main-
tained a place,

Art and science met together, lending here a charm-
ing grace.

North and South sustained the Union, commerce
mingled, one and all,

East and West sent forth their treasures to support
the growing ball.

Gallant ships rode out to seaward, spacious mansions
decked the land.

Mines of worth were here discovered, in "Our
Country," fair and grand ;

Other nations learned to know her and appreciate
her worth,

And believe her grand foundation, founded on the
germ of truth.

It was well to love "Our Country," and to prize
her banner fair,

With its starry stripes and eagle, ever watchful,
hovering there.

But, alas! for imperfections, sometimes they have
mighty grown;

Like a little seed upspringing, where a careless hand
has sown.

So, indeed, though boasting Freedom, a dark spot
was on our land;

Bondage held in galling fetters thousands in a slavish
band.

Although black their form and visage, brought here
from a distant shore,

Yet the coldest hardest feature which our nation
held in store,

Was the stain of intermingling, races, colors, black,
and white,

And then holding such in bondage, with its deaden-
ing, poisonous blight.

Souls there were who saw this error, as progression
paved the way,

And they prayed with thoughts uplifted, to their God,
where succor lay.

Prayed, and waited for deliverance from this foul
and deepening wrong,

Asking that the light of Freedom be diffused through-
out this throng.

But our southern brothers, strongly were inclined to
hold the chain,

And to fasten it more firmly, that it evermore remain,—

While their hot and fiery natures were aroused to carnal strife,

They resolved to leave the Union and maintain it with their life.

Then, O God! how dark the story, what a trial, hard to bear—

When the word of deadly conflict far was wafted on the air—

Here, at home, among our people, in "Our own dear Native Land,"

War, and strife, and foul rebellion, stoutly stood with outstretched hand.

What could we do to quell the turmoil? How subdue the rising wrong?

How maintain our own loved Banner, and cement a union strong?

Words were useless, all endeavor to subdue this lurking foe—

We were threatened with destruction and our nation's overthrow.

If another country's people had molested then our right,

We could met them with less feeling, and sustained a zealous fight.

But, alas! we were connected, we had friends and brothers there,

And it grieved us deep to forfeit, all our claims of
friendship fair.

Deep within us grew a yearning for the quiet reign
of peace,

And an anxious prayer ascended, that we gain a glad
release.

But still hotter grew the conflict, 'till the cannon's
sound was heard ;

And the whirl, and din of battle, every heart within
us stirred.

Then we lay aside the feeling of "Our Kindred" in
the fight,

And strove to nobly conquer, while "Heaven bless
the right."

We rose "To arms" for Justice, though wars we do
disdain,

And we showed a firm decision, "Our Country" to
maintain.

Although we'd shun all bloodshed, wherever it is
stored,

"Yet, when it stands for Justice, then Heaven bless
the sword."

It was long, and dark, and dreadful, but we fairly
won the crown,

And we crushed the giant slavery, 'till he lay his
laurels down.

While our banner waves so proudly, with its stars
and stripes to see,—

That we joy to know "Our Country," is the birth-
place of the free.

But ah! it cost us sorely, and it gave us dreadful
pain,

For it took such treasures from us, as we ne'er shall
know again,

Save in another country, when we meet the good
and true,

"Where a robe of white is given for the faded coat
of blue."

You know this old quotation, for it often has been
sung,

Where the stricken one was weeping, and the bleed-
ing heart was wrung.

Methinks, to-day, we see them, in their marches,
hard and long;—

They pass before the vision, a slowly moving throng;
We see their footsteps falter, down near Potomac's
shore,

And the leader's voice is shouting, "On! forward!
men, once more."

And then each nerve and sinew, is strained to meet
the day,

For the rebel band is nearing, and must be held at
bay—

But, 'tis painful to repeat it—you know how oft they met
—No one who lived to feel it, can easily forget—

No one who marched to battle, can e'er forget the
hour—

No one at home left waiting, forgets the subtle
power
Which held us through the conflict, or how excitement
shared
A place in every bosom, 'till peace had been
declared.

Then "The troops came marching homeward," but
ah, their ranks were thin,
While the cannon's voice was silenced, and hushed
the battle's din—

How many brave had fallen—how many a vacant
place—

How many a loved one missing, without a single
trace

To tell where he was sleeping, or what his fate had
been—

The many went to battle, the few came back again.
'Then is it any wonder, that we have met to-day,

In honor of our fallen, and a tributary pay

To the memory of "Our soldiers," and to place an
emblem true,

On the grave of each defender, of the "Red, and
white, and blue?"

Where is the heart so hardened, that he careth not
to claim

An honor for the heroes, who saved our country's
fame?

No matter what their station, or what their names
might be,

They gave their lives for freedom, and home, and liberty.

Then strew around the flowers, and deck each soldier's grave—

Place stars and stripes upon them, and let their colors wave,

To tell a soldier's story, or to mark his resting spot,
That through the coming seasons, his name be not forgot.

"'Tis sweet to be remembered," by those we love so well,—

And memory will linger where the wounded soldier fell.

And if within our wanderings, his grave we chance to find,

We'll decorate with kindness, and sympathy of mind—
For in the royal army which has passed beyond our sight,

We hope to meet our dear ones, in spotless robes of white.

Yes! to meet them, and to know them, when life's battles are all o'er;

And to hear celestial music, on a bright, immortal shore—

And to march to joyous measures, where the soul is free from care,

And the purest bliss await us, with the army "over there."

Then swell aloud your music, we joy to hear the
sound—
This day be long remembered, and this, be holy
ground.
And while we hold in memory, those who've gained
a higher birth,
Still may we love, and cherish those living now on
earth.
And may Charity forever, her mantle 'round them
spread—
Forgetting not the living, while thinking of the dead.
And may "Our Heavenly Father" direct us in the
right,
'Till we stand, a glorious army, "Where faith is lost,
in sight."

UNDER THE CLOUD.

[1860.]

O why do anxious thoughts arise,
Beyond my own control;
And press with anguish on my heart,
And weigh upon my soul?

In vain I bid them to be gone—
My prayers, and tears are vain,
Why not return, sweet dove of peace,
And bid me rest again?

Why not return, and be my guest,
And quell the rising flood ;
And bid the torrent cease to roll—
And point my soul to God?
Once I enjoyed such happy hours,
And peace my constant guest ;
Then I could feel my Saviour nigh,
And on his promise rest.

But now the dark and lowering clouds,
Do hover o'er my head ;
I seem to see a fearful storm,
Which makes my soul afraid.
The barbed arrows fast do fly—
The thunders roll around,
The forked lightning through the gloom,
Is flashing with a sound.

Out on the deep and troubled sea
Of life, is my frail bark,
Amid the mercies of the wave,
A floating in the dark.
I cannot see to stem the flood—
My oars are in the Deep—
Amid the burstings of the storm,
I sit alone and weep.

POTOMAC.

[Written during the War.]

A lengthened line of armed men,
With musket, cannon, gun,
Bayonet, sword of polished steel,
Together now have come.
Have met to spill a brother's blood—
With human gore to drench the sod.

How dreadful is the sound I hear ;—
A noise, a crash, an awful smoke,
And men lie weltering in their gore—
It proved a lasting, fatal stroke—
Another,—still comes on the air,
And dying groans are mingled there.

And now another,—fiercer still,—
For death is eager for its prey,
And heaps on heaps of dying men,
In pools of blood, do weltering lay.
The battle's growing hotter still,
And Death, yet yawning, seeks his fill.

A boom, a crash, an awful roar—
And now all sounds are heard as one—

More fearful than was heard before,—
And for a while the work is done.
Hundreds of souls have gone before,
And dying left Potomac's shore.

Let's gaze among the dying,—dead—
Ah! here was one—a mother's joy—
And now afar in her sad home,
That mother weeps for her dear boy.
Alas! another gasps for breath,
And moaning, waits, and looks for death.

And here, a father, dying fell,
His form was mangled by the fall—
In vain his wife will wait for him,
In vain his children for him call.
But ah! I see so many more,
I leave them on Potomac's shore.

TO AN ENEMY.

[1855].

That little shaft you aimed at me,
Fell harmless on the ground—
Although 'twas barbed with poisonous stuff,
And yet it failed to wound.

Your aim was good, you meant to hit,
The fault was not in you ;
But sighting on the shaft, forgot
Your eye-sight was askew.

The saddle-bags you carry well,
As any we could find :
You load my faults all in before,
And carry yours behind.

I ne'er shall know how much I am,
Nor how much I can do—
Unless I'm sometimes talked about,
By just such ones as you.

Your task must be a pleasing one,
For you do it with a will—
Of spreading wide your neighbor's faults,
And keeping yours, so still.

Now if you'll put your glasses on,
And look quite sharply 'round ;
I think you'll see so many faults,
You'll wonder you're not drowned.

But, there ! I did not mean to say
I thought some faults your own ;
I would but have you understand,
That mine are not alone.

One parting word, I now will give,
Hoping 'twill profit you—
When you have cause to speak again,
Just keep the truth in view.

WASHINGTON.

[Written during the War.]

Washington, thou blest and glorious name,
Patriot, sage, and christian too ;
We need thee now, in time of storm,
To guide our "Ship of State," safe through.

The fearful clouds are bursting o'er our heads,
And darker grows the fearful blast ;
And none can tell the dreadful woe,
Or where shall sink our ship at last.

O had we souls more like thine own,
Ruling our nation in this hour ;
Our ship would sail so proudly on,
And all would feel the noble power.

Washington, though mighty chieftain, gone,
Say! dost thou know thy country's doom?
Does God permit thy soul to know,
Things that transpire this side the tomb?

Oh, yes, we feel when saints return to God,
And they do gain a Heavenly birth,
That since He knows, He lets them know,
Things which are done upon the earth.

WINTER.

[Written at Fifteen.]

The snow comes flying through the air,
And falls upon the ground;
The wind is sighing through the trees,
With sad and mournful sound.

The earth is robed in snowy white,
Old winter's got along;
He comes a raging o'er the hills,
And sings his mournful song.

The Summer came, and passed away.
Its beauty all has fled ;
The autumn came, but gone again,
And numbered with the dead.

And now, cold winter reigns with us,
We feel his icy breath ;
He's frozen o'er the babbling streams,
And hushed their voice in death.

No tiny floweret shows its head,
Beneath cold winter's gaze ;
No merry songster flutters by,
Or chants his joyous lays.

His reign is stern, and hard, and cold.
Yet many joys doth bring ;
But if we never felt his power,
We ne'er could prize the Spring.

WAITING.

[Written during the War.]

Father in Heaven, we are waiting—
 Waiting, hoping for the morn;
 When this awful night of sadness
 Shall be banished by the dawn.

O! our hearts come near to sinking—
 We can see no rising star—
 For our days of peace and comfort,
 In the past seem left afar.

Death is mowing down its thousands,
 Leaving hearts to mourn and blight;
 Yet for morning we are waiting,—
 Let us see the rising light.

The morn of peace, O! let us see it,
 Let us feel its soothing reign;
 Bid the gloomy shades of darkness
 Ne'er infest our land again.

Give us patience, Lord, while waiting,
 For our patience's growing small;
 We have waited, waited, waited,
 Still there hangs this sombre pall.

Let the Nation know thy power,
Thou art God, and Thou alone—
Let the millions in this hour,
See Thee on the ruling throne.

O! our country's bleeding, dying,
Aching hearts do fill the land—
Tears are falling, blood is flowing,
Stretch Thou out thy mighty hand.

Of the boon for which we're asking,
Give us now a lasting lease,—
We are waiting, waiting, waiting,
We are waiting yet for peace.

IN MEMORY OF F. A. G.

Our Flora is dead, in her clay cold bed,
We have lain her down to rest ;
But her spirit hath flown to her angel home,
She lives with the pure, and the blest.

O why did she die—in life her bright eye,
Did sparkle with love for us all ;
Her nature so free, her voice full of glee,
O why, to death must she fall.

Beloved and cherished by all, yet she perished,
Laid down in the morning of life ;
She'll nevermore languish, freed from all anguish,
Freed from earth's care, and its strife.

Our Flora 's not dead, since the Saviour hath said
“Let the little ones come unto me ;
I'll take to my breast, I'll give to them rest,
A home with the holy and free.”

THE EARTH.

[Written during the War.]

Weary, and worn, and wasted,
Groaning under its load,
Moaning, weeping, dying,—
Pity it my God.

Steeped in the blood of thousands,
 Over it so broad—
 Dripped in scalding tears,—
 Pity it my God.

Rolling, Whirling, Tumbling—
 Smarting 'neath the rod ;
 Longing, looking, sighing,—
 Pity it my God.

Staggering forward, backward,
 Heaving water and blood ;
 Rising, sinking, falling,—
 Pity it my God. *

LINES.

[For Mrs. L. on her Eightieth Birthday, 1865.]

I've traveled on this pilgrimage,
 Just eighty years to-day—
 This form now crippled by disease,
 Was once both young, and gay.

A sprightly form and merry heart,
 Are what I once possessed ;
 And if they 're taken from me now,
 I am not left unblest.

My God, is just the same to-day—
No change this being knows—
And as I near approaching death,
His love around me throws.

He shields me from the raging storm,
And gives me timely aid :
And thus my soul shall trust in Him,
What time I am afraid.

And soon He will take me above,
Away from this beautiful Earth ;
And grant me a seat near the throne,
And mine be a Heavenly birth.

The boatman pale, I can almost hear,
And the sound of the dripping oar ;
He's coming, I know, and soon I will go,
And dwell on the shining shore.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

[November 15, 1863.]

The tribute of a thankful heart,
My God, I bring to Thee :
I thank Thee for Thy mercies past,
And all Thy good to me.

Enlarge my heart, and cleanse it, too,
And fill it with Thy love,
And grant me rich supplies of grace,
And raise my thoughts above.

Give me a conscience pure, and clean,
Submission to Thy will ;
And hush the tumult in my soul,
By saying : "Peace, be still."

I thank Thee for Thy constant care,
And Thy reproving voice ;
I thank Thee, I was called so young,
To make my God my choice.

And when my erring feet have strayed
Far from the path of right ;
Thy love did grant me timely aid,
Thou saved me by Thy might.

Abundant reasons, O my God,
I have for loving Thee ;
Thy mercy and Thy love is plain,
In every act to me.

Help me to bind my armor on—
Strong in Thy might I'd go,
And brave the fiercest storms of life,
And conquer every foe.

Thy spirit's sword I'll gladly take,
And march into the field ;
My Helmet be Salvation, Lord,
And Thou shalt be my shield.

O make each duty plain to me,
And whisper to my heart ;
And from my Saviour, kind, and true,
O let me not depart.

I stand a waiting servant, Lord,
Ready to hear Thy word ;
And by Thy aid I will obey—
I feel my spirit stirred.

Help me to keep each promise good,—
And trusting in Thy might—
And may I ever thank Thee for
The strivings of this night.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

[Written during the War.]

Our Flag is proudly waving,
With colors bright and true —
It is our Country's glory,
“ The red, the white, the blue.”

O'er many a beauteous landscape,
'Tis proudly seen to wave ;
Unconscious, in its beauty,
It proves the soldier's grave.

How many brave, and noble,
Have lain them down to die,
That it might wave in splendor,
And far its colors fly.

How many fathers, brothers,
With hearts so kind and true,
Gave up their lives to save it,
"The red, the white, the blue."

I love our noble banner,
Our token of the free ;
But ah ! it costs much bloodshed,
On land, and on the sea.

I cannot smile to see it,
For sadness fills my breast,
To think the wounded, dying,
And dead, beneath it rest.

To arms ! is now the watchword—
With war and battle sound—
The clash of steel is ringing
In our once united ground.

The bugle calls to battle,—
The fife and drum repeat—
They ask of wars, and rumors,
As friends and neighbors meet.

May peace ere long be given,
And each its way pursue—
Long wave our Country's Banner—
"The red, the white, the blue."

A REVERIE.

[Written during the War.]

The cold North wind is blowing,
And sounding 'round my home ;
A solemn requiem, chanting,
Of mingled sigh, and groan.

And then a loud, shrill whistle,
Much like a fearful scream,
Comes leaping 'round the corner,
Then lulling like a dream.

Ah ! who shall say but Boreas,
In making up his blast ;
Does gather groans, and sighing,
And farewell tones, the last.

Who knows but in his circuit
Around from either pole,
He treasures up each death-knell
Which heaves the parting soul.

Perchance from fields of battle
Where the wounded, dying lie,
He catches their last accents,
Then far away doth fly.

The wind ne'er breathed out groanings
So full of death before,
When oftentimes I've heard it,
In happy days of yore.

Before the days of carnage
Were sweeping o'er the Land ;
When peace, and love, and union,
Together firm did stand.

PARALANKA.

[An Indian Tale, 1865.]

'Twas long ago—the bright sun shone
In splendor on the scene ;
When Paralanka wandered forth,
A fair, young Indian queen.
Her eyes were darker than the night,
Yet sparkled like the star,
Whose nightly watches 'round the place,
Brought gladness from afar.
Her step was firm, her form was light—
Her hair profusely long—
Her voice was ringing clear, and sweet,
Chanting an Indian song.

She wandered through the wild-wood shade,
And skipped from stone to stone ;
And played upon the greenest knolls
With velvet moss o'er grown.
A shade came o'er her brow so fair
That dark-eyed, Indian maid ;
For fear some evil from afar,
Her lover, had betrayed.

She quickly heard a stifled noise,
Close by her moss-grown seat ;
And looking backward, there beheld
A "skulker" make retreat.

He was a villain, and she knew
That if he had a chance ;
He'd scalp her, and her lover too,
And o'er their ruins dance.
She quickly raised her arrow true,
And aimed it at his heart—
He gave an awful, dying scream,
Which made the maiden start
With haste, to find the spot, where he
Lay weltering in his gore—
The foe, at last was dead, and he
Would sore oppress no more.

In moody silence then she left
His body all alone—
She wept not at his fallen dust—
And still the bright sun shone.
She sought her wigwam, there to sit
And wait the twilight hour ;
For then her dark-eyed brave would meet
Her in her summer bower.
In vain she waited his return—
The moon was in the sky—
She said " I'll seek his youthful form,
Or nobly I will die.

I fear the villain of the woods
Has sought him for his prey,
O why had I not gone before,
And sought the livelong day.

I'll go down by the sloping hill,
Close by the willow tree ;
For often there at moonlight hour,
My lover waits for me."

She hied her to this loved retreat—
What sight there met her eyes—

One moment gazed, both far and near,
Then moaned "He dies, he dies."

For there she found him firmly bound,
And lashed unto the tree—

His head was bent upon his breast—
His blood was flowing free.

As quick as thought she raised his head,
And saw a sign of life—

She cut the thongs and laid him down,
With brave ambition rife.

She brought cool water from the spring,
And bathed his aching head ;—

She held him in her willing arms—
Her bosom was his bed.

She saved his life, for even there

The villain whom she'd slain,
Had bound him closely with those bands,
And left him in his pain.

And gone to call some comrade wild
To come, and with him share
The pleasure which his death might bring,
And mock his dying prayer.
But Paralanka's arrow swift,
Had slain the hated foe,—
Had done e'en that her tribe had sought,—
And dealt the fatal blow.

He'd been a hated fiend for years,
Yet kept himself aloof,—
He oft had slain the helpless ones,
And burned their humble roof.
Little he thought an Indian maid,
Would catch him in his lair,—
Her hand would deal the fatal blow,
And slay him, even there.
He oft had tried to take her life,
As often failed, as tried;
And now she'd caught him unawares,
And by her hand, he'd died.

And when the chief,—old Mo-he-gan,
Heard of her courage rare;
His fingers wove a fairy crown,
And bound it on her hair.
Assembled in the chief's abode,—
Paralanka was a bride;—
Her lover took her for his own,—
They happy lived, and died.

SONG OF PEEWEE.

Me come, me come, from me spirit home,
 From the spirit world so fair;
Me come, me come, to Earth in love,
 To tell of the beauties there.

Me come, me come, to Earth again,
 To let the folks all know;
'That in the bright and happy home,
 Me want 'em all to go.

For when they get up in the sky,
 All free from sin and pain,
'They never will want to come back,
 Down to the Earth again.

To live in the old body sick,
 And get tired most to death,
A wandering 'round and work so hard,
 It almost take the breath.

Me come, me come, to tell them all,
 Wherever that they is,
And if 'em ask you who me be,
 Just tell 'em, Peewee 'tis.

Me tell the folks down on the earth
Me got the die all gone,
And when they come up where me be,
They 'll see me in me home,

Which is so very fair and bright,
No night can reach this place ;
But all around with beauty gleams
Far as the eye can trace.

O me can never tell you all,
And you can never know ;—
Until you come to where me be,—
Then you shall see it too.

BUILDING AN ARK.

You have heard—you have read in the story of old—
It was long ago written, and long ago told,
That a good man, called Noah, in ages then dark,
Prepared for a flood by building an Ark.
It was long, and was broad, yet when all complete,
Could float over waters, no matter how deep.
The story of Noah, when you read, you will find,
He gathered much in there, and two of a kind.

The waters descended, in torrent, and flood,
While the Ark floated safely, 'twas ordered it should.
The Earth was all covered, each mountain and plain,
Were hid 'neath the waters, of forty days rain.
Then Noah sent a raven, his order was brief,—
A token from Earth in the form of a leaf—
The bird soon returned to the Ark, and to Noah,
No leaf could be found till the water was lower.

When a few days were passed, the second went forth,
And when it returned, brought a token from Earth :
Then Noah, he believed her journey not vain,
And sent forth the third, which came not again.
The waters abated, till Noah's Ark sat,
On a high piece of land, called mount Ararat.
Do you ask why I've told you this sketch from the
past?

I'm seeking for Noahs, to build arks, to last.

I'd have an Ark built, that would bear you to God,
And float over waters, and torrents, and flood.
If it rains forty days, or twice that, to stand,
Till it bear you on safely to Heaven's bright land,
For a flood is upon you, of error, and wrong—
The Ark must be builded of timbers that 's strong—
Its pillars of truth, and its sleepers of right,
Its windows of wisdom, to let in the light.

Its length and its breadth must be fashioned with
care,

With ample provisions to let in the air.
Its depth and dimensions what ever they be,
Have Justice the standard, and all must be free.
The supplies must be large, for the rough winds
 may blow,—
And an anchor all ready, for a quick overthrow.
When all is complete, and just to the mind,
Then gather them in there, e'en two of a kind.

IN MEMORY.

Sadness is over me—deep is my woe—
Sorrow encircles me where'er I go.
 Out on a stormy strand—
 Nearing an unknown land—
 Waiting my God's command—
 Drift I like snow.

Into our circle crept, with silent breath,
Where we our treasures kept, came angel Death.
 A loved one borne away—
 Left but the kindred clay—
 While we do weep and pray—
 Sadly bereft.

“Death loves a shining mark,” it hath been said;
Deeply he pierced the heart, our darling’s dead.

Though all our tears are vain—

And the deep inward pain,

Calls for our loved again,

Yet she hath fled.

Deeply I drained the cup, when we did part—

When called to give her up, how keen the smart.

Low lies the lovely head,

In the dark coffin bed—

While bitter tears are shed—

Child of my heart.

O may strength Divine to each be given,

And light around us shine, leading to Heaven.

Teaching the right to see,

So that we ever be,

Nearer my God to Thee,

Nearer to Thee.

A MOTHER’S FIRST GRIEF.

It was midnight, and the moonbeams

Cast their pale and silvery light,

Far and wide with softest radiance ;

Calm and tranquil was the night.

Yet a youthful mother bending
 Low, with anxious, tearless eye ;
Strove to hush the inward murmur,
 “Can I let my baby die ?

Can I see it droop, and wither
 Like the fairest flower of Spring ;
Must stern Death the love chain sever,
 And its darkness o'er me fling ?—
O I cannot, cannot bear it !
 God in mercy, spare my child !
For my heart is surely breaking,—
 And my brain is growing wild.

Baby ! darling ! mother holds you
 Firmly on her faithful breast—
Stay my birdling, mamma needs you—
 Leave not now the sweet home nest.”
And the beauteous eyes unfolded,
 'Till their brightness pierced her heart,
And the pale sweet lips said “mamma !”
 Could it be that they must part ?

Colder grew the little fingers—
 White as marble was the brow,—
When the little heart ceased beating—
 Mother has no baby now.
Father hushed his own deep sorrow—
 Strove to soothe the mother's pain—
Whispered that in Life immortal,
 Baby will be ours again.

For his love was strong, and faithful,
And the wife well knew its power
Might uphold in time of trouble ;
Cheer her through the darkest hour.
When the cold earth hid her darling
Underneath its dark, damp sod,
“Cease your murmuring,” said the Parson,
“He who did it, is your God.”

“God take my baby!” sighed the mother,
“Then I hate him for the deed—
Knew He not it was my only,
And of it my soul had need ?
Tell me not to love God fondly,
If He fills my soul with pain,—
Would He cease my hate forever,
Give me back my child again.”

Then again, the husband whispered,
“Mine own darling, list to me,
Let us trust our Heavenly Father,
He ne’er took the child from thee.
But the little feet grew weary,
Long on Earth he could not roam ;
So the great, pure love of Heaven,
Let the angels, take him Home.

They will guard him through the years
That your soul is filled with pain,

And when you do cross the river,
He'll be given back again."
Calmer grew the stricken mother,
For the firm, strong arm of Love,
Still supported through her sorrow,
Pointed to a world above.

Then came months of dreadful anguish
For disease crept in the door ;
Smote the husband like a tyrant,
Left him weary, sick, and sore.
Hour by hour, the fond wife watched him,
Strove to cheer him, soothe his pain ;
Every thought, and care was needed,
If restored to life again.

Here, the mother learned a lesson
Which her soul could ne'er forget,
Left its stamp upon her forehead
Like a diamond richly set :
And she bowed her head in meekness,
As she said : " My God, I come,
Now to thank Thee that the angels,
Ever took my baby home."

SUMMER.

Beautiful Summer has come to the Earth,
With her brightest and fairest of green ;
And the loveliest flowers are springing to birth,
Rich, precious gems, of untold worth,
With the sweetest delights, I ween.
For the Winter has gone, with its snows, and its storms
And the cold chilling rains of Spring—
And the Summer has come, with the busy bees' hum,
While the birds in the branches do sing.
Let glad hearts rejoice, for the heavenly voice
Of Nature, doth sound far and near
With hymn of Thanksgiving, to every thing living,
That the beautiful Summer is here.

Dame Nature is kind with her gifts unto man,
And crowns him the lord of the whole.
Though his days here on Earth have been counted
a span,
His life is eternal—dispute it who can ;
Or measure the length of his soul.
For in wisdom and power, he gains every hour,

Whether you mark it, or no ;
In his spirit's bright dream, he quaffs from a stream,
From the Life-giving Fountain doth flow.
With the best of intentions, he seeks out inventions,
That the world may wag onward indeed—
His earnest endeavor, with balance and lever,
From onward, to onward will lead.

And as beautiful Summer refreshes the Earth,
And Winter her broad acres rest :
So a sweet word of kindness, will cheer oft impart,
And a summer of feeling impart in the heart,
While truth, and sincerity, ever are blest.
Then invent ye a plan, to aid brother man,
For many grow faint, and despair,
And long for a friend, to a helping hand lend
To rise o'er their burden of care.
Then remember each other, my friend, as your
 brother,
For kindness will charm away pain,
And give sweet relief, to those bowed with grief,
While they joy in the Summer again.

EFFIE LEE.

[A Spirit's reply, to the Question: What, do you find to do?]

And as oft we're asked the question,
 What is it ! You find to do ?
 We will try and tell you plainly—
 We will picture to your view,
 What we found upon your Earth-shore,
 But a night or two ago—
 Then judge ye, but with candor,
 Was it labor ? Yes, or no.

As the sun was slowly sinking
 'Hind the western hills away,
 And the dark, black clouds were looming
 'Round about the close of day ;—
 For a storm was surely gathering,
 All its fury to impart—
 Yet, its threatened gloom was nothing
 To the storm-cloud, in the heart
 Of a young and lovely maiden—
 Who, alone, 'mid dews of night,
 Wandered on 'neath dim old forests—
 Straying off from mortal sight.

For her soul was full of anguish,
And her body weak with care—
Moaned to die—with fervor pleading
For, “Our God,” to heed her prayer.

She had loved, and trusted fondly,
Loved too much ! perchance, you add—
Ask your conscience, ere you chide her.
For her brain is growing mad.
Picture her in early Autumn,
Pure, and spotless as a flower ;
Smiling 'neath the skies of Heaven,
In her Father's shady bower.

By her side a youth is sitting,
Gazing in her lustrous eyes—
Vowing love to her forever,
Till the day his spirit dies.
Effie Lee was near an orphan ;
For her Mother drooped with pain,
Ere her darling little Effie
Scarcely learned to lisp her name.

And her Father, cold by nature,
Gave her what his gold could buy—
Little heeding that his daughter,
Without love, might pine and die.
Oft she called for “Ma, in Heaven,”
Till her dark eyes bright, yet mild,

Filled with tears for "Love like Mamma's,"—
Was she not, an orphan child?

Years passed on, and youth and beauty
 Rested on her stainless soul—
Till she loved the Youth I mentioned—
 Would that here might end this scroll ;
For alas! His vows were broken—
 Effie Lee was left alone ;
While another life was beating,
 Near the heart where beat her own.

He had gone—and smiles would meet him—
 For the custom is—you know ;
To treat the man with grace and honor,
 While the maid, you overthrow.
Bion Lee heard Effie's story,
 And with stern, relentless heart,
Quite disowned her for his daughter—
 Bade her from his home depart.

Called her names, both mean, and lowly,
 Praised his virtues, high and broad,
Until Effie thought that pardon
 For her crime, forbidden was by God.
Fathers! Mothers! Let your fancy
 Picture now her dreadful woe ;
As she slowly wanders onward—
 Neither caring where to go.

Friends have frowned, and all forsaken—
Longs for death, yet fears to die ;
For the God of Heaven would blame her ;
Every hope has passed her by.
Low she sinks on Earth's cold bosom—
Dark and dense has grown the night—
Shall the morning dawn for Effie ?
Shall there e'er come rays of light ?

Here, is work for you, my brother,
Here is work for you and me—
Shall we leave it for another ?
In the great Eternity ?
Shall we stand up free, and boldly,
And all customs closely scan ?
Say ! what's wrong in feeble woman,
Is it not in stronger man ?

If we welcome, greet a brother,
And are proud to know his name,
Shall we likewise treat a sister,
If her acts have been the same ?
Yes ? my friends, I'll stand out boldly,
And I'll do whate'er I can ;
And I'll say what's wrong in woman,
Is as wrong in brother man.

PRAYER.

When afflictions press on the weary soul,
 And the journey of Life is hard to bear—
 When the waters sweep, and the billows roll,—
 What bringeth relief, like the soul's deep Prayer.
 When the battle of life rages fierce and loud,
 And the thunders roar with deaf'ning cry—
 When our bark is tossed, and a gloomy shroud
 Wraps us closely 'round, till we wish to die ;
 Feeling that Life is too stern, and cold—
 And we cannot contend with its grief and care—
 But would fain find rest in a better fold—
 What giveth relief like the soul's deep Prayer.
 When the friends we love, fade out from our sight,
 And we journey alone on the rough-beaten
 shore—
 Or if love might grow cold, bringing sorrow and night,
 Till the hopes in our heart become withered and
 sore :
 When earthly ones fail us, and heed not the grief
 Which gnaws at our heart-strings, nor heart-aches
 will spare,
 O what then can bring us such soothing relief,
 As a trust in Our Father, brought to us by Prayer,

CHAPTER POEM.

[Written and read for Turner R. A. C., Sept. 25, 1880.]

Dear Friends, we do greet you with pleasure,
And gratitude glows in the breast,
For the welcome your kindness has given,
And the warmth of the hand as it pressed.
While we quaff from the Great Living Fountain
Of Wisdom, of Love, and of Light;
From the mystical realm of the spirit
We offer our tribute to-night.

Our tribute of thanks, for the blessings,
So bountifully spread 'round the way;
With fervent, and deep adoration,
Our souls in their fullness do pray.
Do pray that "Our Father in Heaven,"
Inspire us with Truth from above,
And point out the path for each footstep,
And lead, by the finger of Love.

Our Father ! How blest the assurance ;
That we, as His children, may call,
And feel from our innermost being,
He loveth, and careth for all.
Then sweet be the tie which unites us,
And interlinks, soul into soul ;
Our Father will hold and will keep us,
As Eternity's current shall roll.

Dear Brother ? we salute you in gladness,
And proffer our heart, and our hand,
With wishes so kind without measure,
That you reap from the good of the Land.
That you garner the richest of treasures.
And walk in the fullness of Light ;
And drink from the pure, living waters,
Truth's Signet, forever in sight.

May hope fold her pinions around you ;
True Faith on you ever attend ;
And Charity wrap with her mantle,
The faults of a foe, or a friend.
May your lives be kept pure as the angels ;
And friendship afford you delight ;
May kindness distinguish your conduct ;
And affection direct you aright.

Your profession be kept without blemish ;
Its tenets transmitted through time,

Unimpaired and pure, through all changes ;
And Harmony ever be thine.
Then nothing can make innovations,
Whilst each shall be true to the heart ;
Eagle-eye, performing thy mission,
Let none from his Duty depart.

For the Stone which the builders rejected,
At the head of the corner is chief ;
And the unfaithful workman who faltered,
Was covered with sorrow and grief.
Then be diligent in your endeavors,
And erect the great Temple with care ;
'Tis for labor, that you have been entered,
As well as the honors to share.

Remember the Chisel and Mallet
Will cut till the diamond is freed ;
And the roughest of Ashlars be worked at,
Till each becomes perfect indeed.
The use of the Crow, Spade, and Pick-axe,
Necessities of we can see ;
The 'Triangle, hath items of interest
Whose meanings are counted by Three.

"I Am, That I Am !" He hath spoken ;
My Son ! look thou well to thy ways ;
Mark well ! where thy footsteps shall follow ;
Being led by the "Ancient of Days."

To the Brothers installed into office,
May Strength, such as needed be given,
May Beauty abiding, be at your command,
And Wisdom, direct you to Heaven.

Your duties e'en now have been plainly foretold ;
And we trust you have heard them aright,
Such precepts are faultless, more precious than
gold,
If followed, they'll lead through the night.
If example shall follow such teachings with care,
The World in her blindness will learn,
That to each of her children, God giveth a share,
And the Light, they will sometime discern.

Companion most Excellent ! High Priest,
Look well to the colors you wear ;
May your Breastplate be worn in all meekness,
And the Mitre remind you, with care.
May the increase of Faith ever aid you ;
And Hope in your bosom be bright ;
And Charity glow in your being,
Till the former are covered by sight.

To the King with the Crown and the Level,
May Humility ever be yours ;
Be zealous and fervent in spirit,
While the robe with scarlet endures.

Do you know ! that the greatest of sovereigns
That ever could come to the ken ;
Is to rule by the force of affection ;
And reign in the hearts of men.

And to him in the garment of Purple,
Look on, to the sunshine of Life !
Let nothing disturb the sweet union,
Dispelling all discord, and strife.
Wear your Badge like a " Watchman of Zion,"
'Till the goal and the glory be won ;
And you feast on the fruits everlasting,
And conscience shall whisper, " Well done."

May the Captain ne'er falter in duty,
As he leads in the foremost van ;
For the world may judge of the body,
By the ways of the leading man.
To the next in the order occurring,
Be willing to labor and wait,
Till the light through the darkness shall glimmer,
And the crookedest things shall be straight.

To the next, to the Royal Arch Captain !
See the pathway is traveled with care !
'Though with a white Banner invested,
Look well, to the Compass and Square.
May each Master fulfill well his mission,
In practice of Virtue ne'er fail ;
May each Banner's fair color admonish
'Till of Heaven you enter the vail.

May the true, perfect work be accomplished ;
Vary not to the breadth of a hair ;
Have it good, that it stand in the trial,
The text of the Overseer's Square.
May the Treasurer be accurate and faithful,
And prove to the Chapter a friend :
And the next here, be prompt in each duty,
Correctly his business attend.

The Chaplain's appointment is precious ;
And much in his office may lay ;
Not only to point men to Heaven,
But, also, to teach them the way.
May the Sentinel guard well the doorway—
Unworthiness keeping abroad—
That his soul shall yet find an entrance,
To the City, and Temple of God.

May your Chapter become in its beauty
Like the Temple in all of its grace :
Its peace like the Ark of the Cov'nant,
And sacred as its holy place.
May your Love be kept ever burning,
With a warm, and a steady flame ;
And your hearts be pure as the Altar,
Your offerings, each without shame.

May Heaven encourage your efforts—
Your conscience with goodness be rife—

Sustained by the Perfect, while traveling
The ruggedest pathway of Life.
When the "Gates of the Heavenly City,"
An entrance to you shall afford :
Hear the plaudit, "Well done, faithful servant,
Go enter the joys of thy Lord."

And now to these Sisters in waiting,
I would whisper a sentence of cheer—
I would comfort the heart that is aching ;
And banish the shadows of fear.
There is pleasure in life, and in living,
As we look it all through, and through ;
But the greatest blessings afforded,
Are the good deeds we may do.

Our lives, like the course of a river,
Are marked by a steady flow :
But our deepest thoughts and feelings,
There's none but a woman may know.
How our hearts may throb in the bosom,
With thoughts, which to others are vain ;
May rise with the truest of feeling,
Or throe with a mother's pain.

Yet into our heart-chords there creepeth,
A rhythmical remnant of song :
For our lives, with our brothers, are twining,
'Round pillars so lasting and strong.

'Round pillars of Strength and of Beauty,
Their tendrils are clinging for age ;
Whilst the light from Wisdom's standard,
Points out, o'er the darkened way.

Through Life's onward pathway we'll struggle,
Our eye ever fixed on the Right;
Bye and bye, we will lay down each burden,
And enter the "City of Light."
And then, when the Master shall meet us—
His countenance beaming with good—
He will know, and perhaps, He will answer,
" She hath done all that she could."

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY.

[Read at Nezinscot Lodge, Turner Me., 1879. Afterward at Tranquil Lodge, Auburn, Me.]

Way back in by-gone ages—
As ancient History scan—
You'll read that great Jehovah,
Did sometimes talk with man.
King David, was his servant—
Of Jesse's root, a part,
Beloved for his virtues,
Yea ! after God's own heart.

He thought to rear a structure—
A dwelling place for God—
But that was not permitted—
Because a man of blood.
But Solomon, his offspring,
(The wisest man we're told.)
Should rear the sacred Temple,
Of precious things, and gold.

'Twas on the Mount Moriah,
Jerusalem then stood ;
Where Solomon erected
A Temple, fit for God.
'Twas broad, and grand, and richly
Inlaid with precious gems ;
Silver, gold, sapphire and onyx.
And wonderous cherubims.

With royal arch, and doorway—
Pillars, and porch surpassed
The like in all that country—
With molten seas of brass.
And linen, fine and purple—
And ornaments, most rare,
Were brought throughout the Country,
To deck this Temple fair.

And cunning workmen gathered—
Devices, grand, they brought ;
And with their skill and wisdom,
With ardent zeal they wrought.

While some did carry burdens,
Others did hew the wood ;
While some, did charge the workmen,
To make all right, and good.

The fame spread like a whirlwind ;
Far out, o'er all the Land—
For never building grander
Than this—built by command.
And through the spacious archway,
The 'Ark of God' was borne—
A token to his people,
That favor He had shown.

And in this sacred Temple,
Among the rich and rare ;
The Spirit of True—Masonry,
Was floating through the air.
Yet farther back than this—we trace
This Spirit, pure and bright ;
E'en to the time when God first spoke
And said, " Let there be Light."

And when those rays first rent the depths
Of darkness, from the Land ;
This Sacred Spirit calmly smiled,
And bowed at the command.
And down through all the ages past
Has beckoned toward the Right ;
And pointed toward the rising Sun
As emblem of True Light.

No firmer pillars ever stood,
Than Masonry has shown—
Supported by Eternal God,
And pointing toward His Throne.
And noiselessly the work goes on—
Without a hammer's sound—
We're building now a grander dome
Than Solomon e'er found.

And every emblem, to the Craft,
Speaks loudly as it can,
“ If you would be a Mason true,
You first, must be a man.”
Go square your lives—go plumb your acts—
Go level every wrong—
Go aid the sacred Brotherhood
And make its Union, strong.

Go ! let the sacred incense rise
From altars of the soul ;
Which the All-Seeing-Eye approves,
As age on age shall roll.
Go wear the badge of Brotherhood ;
And keep it pure and free—
Not only let that honor you,
But honor Masonry.

Since individuals compose
All orders, lodges, too,
This password, should belong to each,
Let every one be true.

True to his Order, and his God—
True to his brother man—
True to his conscience, which directs
To do, the best he can.

The forms, and secrets of a Lodge,
Kept sacred, though much used,
Are necessary, lest the Craft
Might often be abused.
But grander secrets, far than these,
Which never could be told ;
Are the eternal links, which serve,
The Brotherhood to hold.

For who could ever form in words
The blessed charm of Love ?
Or paint the sweets of Charity ?
Or truest Friendship prove ?
Could words support a brother love ?
Or dry the falling tear ?
Unless were felt a deeper flow,
The stricken one to cheer.

The grandest secrets of this Art,
Could never be portrayed
In words,—yet acts may tell—
So never be dismayed.
For while the Firmament on high,
Outstretches o'er us all ;
Whilst mother Earth gives forth her store ;
Or Progress gives a call ;

So may we ever onward move
Where Wisdom leads the way—
And geometrically improve
The powers, which in us lay.
It may seem strange for woman's lips
To urge a Mason tried—
To faithfulness and diligence
Since she has been denied

A place in Halls like this, you know,
Because a woman born—
Her duties in a quiet life—
To rear the younger form—
Yet know, O man ! that woman's soul
Holds flames immortal there;
She quaffs the precious gifts of God,
From boundless things in air.

And thus the spirit of this Craft,
May penetrate, her soul ;
To burn and shine throughout her life,
And beautify the whole.
She covets not your lodge-rooms grand,
Nor jewels that you wear :
She asks not, for your secret forms,
Nor honors which you share.

In other stations, far from this,
Her soul shall grasp the Truth ;
And give it to the sons of Earth
And teach it to the youth.

And when her sons shall rise to men,
And join your Brotherhood ;
Sweet joy shall fill her heart, to know,
She helped them to be good.

And when you teach them to be just,
And deal upon the square ;
Wear virtue as a precious crown ;
And place true manhood there.
He'll know that in his childhood's home—
When he was young and free—
“ My Mother, taught me such as this,
Whilst sitting on her knee.”

Then let each work with honest aim—
With banners wide unfurled—
The blessed soul of Masonry,
May permeate the world.
Let every Brother wear within,
A jewel, bright and fair,
Not tarnished by the moth or rust
Which might be resting there.

And Sisters, let your hearts grow strong,
And after goodness aim—
The day will come, when you shall know,
You've labored, not in vain.
O thou ! whose Love is changeless ;
Thy goodness, we adore—
We thank Thee ! O, Our Father !
Both now, and evermore.

For all the gifts from Heaven,
We thank Thee yet again—
We thank Thee, O Our Father !
Forevermore, Amen.

OUR GOD.

[1867]

What do I see ! so broad, so grand—
Majestic, glorious, is the scene—
Gigantic mountains, fruitful land—
All covered o'er with fairest green.

What lakes and rivers I behold !
What prairies, forests dark and wide !
What mines of silver, copper, gold !
What splendid Ocean's rolling tide !

What grand old rocks ! so broad and high—
What towering trees ! the oak, the pine—
What glorious wonders in the sky !
How vast, how mighty, how sublime.

The great Refulgent Orb of Light,
That gladdens all the day !
The beauteous Moon, through all the night,
To shed her silver ray !

The Stars, that twinkle one by one—
The ever-moving cloud—
The vivid lightning, darting on—
The thunder roaring loud.

What caves, and caverns in the Earth—
Volcanoes, burning, too !
What wonders grand, have found a birth,
All scattered 'round and through !

All these I see—I ask them where ?
They found the power Divine,
That gave them this, so wondrous fair,
So mighty and sublime.

But hark ! methinks I hear a sound—
The lofty forests nod—
The lakes, the rivers winding 'round,
Repeat the words " Our God."

And see ! old Ocean's heaving tide,
Has caught the glad refrain !
The mountains, rocks, and prairies wide,
Do sound it o'er again.

Ay yes ! I hear them all proclaim—
The waters and the sod—
Almighty, wonderful His name ;
And we are His—" Our God."

Ay ! more than this—the work I scan—
Another being I behold—
So noble 'tis—they call it man—
Ah ! here, what mighty powers unfold—

What depths of mind I see within !
What thoughts, extending through all time !
I see a soul's tumultuous din,
In man, a native of each clime.

But who can measure well the length
To which these powers extend ?
Or who can tell how great his strength,
Or where his knowledge end ?

I ask these questions, and the sound
Comes floating through the air :
“ In God alone, the length is found ;
And He is everywhere.

Then What is God ? I hear you ask—
How shall we learn of Him ?
Come teach to us, this wondrous task ;
And light our vision dim.

Sublime, and beautiful the theme—
Magnificent, and grand—
And sweeter than a poet's dream,
Comes floating o'er the Land—

“Our God is Truth—Our God is Right
Creator, Father, Friend—
He’s Life and Wisdom, Love and Light—
Without begin, or end.

The Principle, the great First-Cause—
The Soul of all things made—
The executor of His laws—
By Him are all things stayed.

Within yourself a spark now lives
Of His Eternal Soul ;
And this the spark, your wisdom gives,
And beautifies the whole.

We know no God of sect, or creed,
Nor lids to hold His Word—
We know He doth His children lead—
And all are His—“Our God.”

His Word ! ay yes, His word I see
In everything my eyes behold !
Throughout all Time—Eternity—
Shall wonders of His Word unfold.

I see it written all around—
I trace it in the very air—
I read it now on every ground—
Behold its beauties everywhere.

And all of grandeur, power divine—
The great, the wondrous whole—
Throughout all things, His life doth shine—
Nature the body, God the Soul.

NOTHING WITHOUT GOD.

[1868]

I stood one morn upon a tower
That overlooked a distance grand—
It brought old forests to my view—
Showed cities, temples, waters, land.
The Sun peeped from behind the hills,
While beauteous grains waved in the breeze ;
The farmer's flocks grazed in the mead ;
The birds sang 'mid the leafy trees.

Old Ocean's wave lashed 'gainst the shore,
Where busy childhood gathered shells—
The lowing herds sent forth their notes,
That mingled with the chiming bells.
And where so e'er I turned my gaze,
Some beauteous object met my eye—
I sorrowed that so fair a world,
Bloomed but for time—to fade and die.

I took me down from off the tower ;
And hied me to a spacious church—
The white-haired Pastor read the psalm,
Whilst I stood in the entry porch.

The choir sang—the organ's sound
Rose slow and deep upon the air—
Amen ! came from the waiting crowd.
While bowed the saintly head in prayer.
Then came the text—I heard it well—
That voice seemed free from earthly strife—
The words were clear, distinct, and plain ;
“ I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.

And as I listened to those words,
Their fullest meaning came ;
I saw that Life in all around,
The Way, the Truth the same.
I saw all souls were born of God ;
While Nature was his own—
His Life the way, the light of all
While Truth ruled on its throne.

No more I wondered as I gazed—
That text, with meaning rife,
Shone out from all things I beheld
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

[Portland Me. 1879.]

Hail Brothers of the Mystic Tie ;
A welcome greets you here—
A Brother's 'grip' shall be a sign ;
And blessed words of cheer.

To-day we leave the world behind—
With anxious thought and care—
And with our Brotherhood complete,
Its sacred Union share.

Our various Lodges here unite
To consecrate this Day ;
Cement anew, a Brother's Love,
And pure devotion pay.

We feel the Mystic Tie can bind
Our waiting souls as one ;
While we are basking 'neath the light
Of Nature's glorious Sun.

Though many ages have gone by
Since Masonry unfurled,
Her spotless Banner, to the gaze
Of an enquiring world ;

Yet fresh to-day, as early Spring,
Presents her lovely flowers—
Perennial blooms the Hope within
This Brotherhood of ours.

'Though time and sorrow, may beset
All human hearts with woe—
Yet naught may still the gushing fount,
Which in our bosoms flow.

May all who wear the sacred name
Be Masons true at heart—
And all who bear the emblems 'round,
Their meaning pure impart.

And may it long remembered be,
With pleasure, (not with pain) ;
The gathering, may we all enjoy,
This St. John's Day in Maine.

A CHARGE TO THE BROTHERHOOD.

[Read at Nezinscot Lodge, Turner Me., Aug. 30, 1879.]

Ye Brothers of the Mystic Tie,
 And Officers installed
 Into the Honors of the Craft—
 By duties new involved.
 We've heard the Charge which has been given,
 And marked each solemn vow—
 The forms and customs, well preserved—
 Are evident e'en now.

And though we may repeat the same
 In meaning, if not word ;
 Perhaps a trifle, too, may add—
 Yet trust we may be heard—
 For in our inner-life we've felt
 The need of honest power ;
 Humanity has needs which press
 Upon the present hour.

For souls are seeking for the Truth
And groping as in night—
Who'll break the "Bread of Life." to such ?
That they may walk in Light.

One faithful ruler, may preserve
A nation, large and free—
And lesser powers may bestow
Rich blessings, plain to see.
So in your hearts let each unite
To do the best he can ;
And press with vigor for the right—
And show himself a man.

Let him who wears a jewel now,
Preserve it with all care ;
Each emblem heed with careful zeal—
And nobly do, and dare.
Let him who wears the apron white
His innocence maintain ;
With pleasure wear it to himself,
And honor in the main.

Let every passion of the man
Be compassed by the right—
Your lives e'en squared to all mankind—
And read the Word aright.
When gauge or gavel, you behold,
Their import bear in mind—
The three grand pillars, to your lives,
Of interest you'll find.

And e'en as Jacob once beheld
A ladder from above—
So unto you are angels sent,
As ministers of love.
Then upward look—for though the gloom
Around your path has drawn ;
The Sun shall give his glorious light,
And usher in the morn.

And when your lives shall reach beyond—
Into the distance far—
Some richer brightness may be yours,
Than e'en a Blazing Star.

And when your souls shall grasp a truth—
Fresh from the Hand Divine ;
The great All-Seeing-Eye shall bless,
With oil, and corn, and wine.
While Sun, and Moon, and Stars repeat,
In unison above—
One sacred treasure of the Earth—
A Brother's faithful love.

And e'er should Death a Brother call—
In Earth his body rest—
With token of the evergreen,
Upon his pulseless breast—
Remember that a Brother left,
To join the Lodge above ;
And keep his memory fresh within,
And ever green with Love.

And if, perchance, he left below,
Some darling child, or friend—
O may your love and sympathy
E'en unto them extend.
And may the flower of Charity,
Sweet blossom 'round their way ;
And consolation be infused,
To cheer their darkened day.

So Faith and Hope shall near attend—
While incense pure shall rise—
As music from a faithful breast,
Ascends the vaulted skies.
If I have erred in speaking thus,
A pardon I will crave—
But somehow, in my soul, I feel
That Love, outlives the grave.

Or if a weaker Brother here,
Should stumble, or should fall,
Then tell him that the Firmament
Outspreadeth o'er us all.
And as 'tis broad, and grand, and free—
('Though we are weak and small—)
So may we trace in Nature's plan,
God's boundless love for all.

And while you point him on to God,
Don't fail to let him know—
Men may be agents, to convey
God's blessings here below.

O never fear to trim your lights,
And let them brightly shine—
E'en to Earth's broadest centre, shed
The radiance divine.

So may the purpose of your lives,
In gladness be fulfilled ;
And blessings from your willing hands,
Be evermore distilled.
And as you've pledged yourselves to-night,
To faithfully maintain
Your honor to the Brotherhood—
May not your words be vain.

A Master's place is one of trust—
And he should feel within ;
A sacredness to aid all those
Who look in faith to him.
And as you occupy the chair
Here in this lovely Hall ;
May your logic, and your rhetoric,
Command respect from all.

And may your soul grow wise, and good,
Benevolent and grand—
And may the other officers
Like pillars 'round you stand.
And may each Brother in the Lodge
Resolve anew to-night—
A truer holier life to live,
And keep his jewels bright.

“Our life’s a span!”—or, “Time is short!”

It often hath been said—

Yet, Brothers heed! Mark well your ways!

Eternity’s ahead.

Eternity for you, and me,

Shall follow in our way—

And fruits and flowers, be gathered there,

From seeds sown here to-day.

Life hath a meaning deep indeed—

As ceaseless ages roll—

And he who is a Mason true,

Must feel it in his soul.

No outward covering here below,

Shall hide a faulty part;

Nor blur one instant, up above,

The Eye that reads the heart.

A woman cannot join a Lodge—

(We’ve sometimes heard it said,

A secret she can never keep—

In this she’s weak indeed.)

By this we’re led to understand

That men, keep secrets well—

If this be so—I’d like to know—

I’ve one I’d like to tell.

I’ll act a woman’s part in this—

(As she has done before)—

And trust your manhood in the case—

(Though you repeat it o’er.)

As men have power, and stronger will,
A woman weak may rise ;
If precept, and example both,
Are good before her eyes.

As you gain strength, and Wisdom, too,
As through the World you roam ;
Preserve a trifle, when you can,
And take it to your Home.
And if your wife grows tired, and sad,
With waiting, all the while ;
If you have nothing else to grant—
Just greet her with a smile.

For her the smile may lift a load—
And aid true love to burn—
If a true woman, as she should
She'll give one in return.
The children soon will see the look—
(Their eyesight is not slow)—
And straightway in the realm of home,
A fountain pure will flow.

So shall each gain a strength divine,
To guard each love with care—
A Higher life we'll find, and all,
Perhaps, be Masons there.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

[To my Mother.]

There's a Rift in the clouds ! dear Mother ;
Though the darkness and gloom are so dense—
And the brightness of Day is reflected—
And the glimmerings are calling us hence.
We have sat in the cold, 'neath the shadows ;
While the roar of the surge was so loud—
Nigh fainting, we bowed in the blackness—
But Mother ! there's a Rift in the Cloud.

Look yonder, and upward, and outward !
Be steady and firm as you stand—
They're parted ! the darkness is fleeing—
We are nearing the Beautiful Land.
O God ! though the night was so lengthened—
And the storm was so fierce and so loud—
Yet our courage increases, while rowing
By the light of the Rift in the Cloud.

Though we labor, and struggle in sorrow—
And sigh for the blessings of rest—
And long for a peace that is lasting,
To quiet the ache in the breast—
Yet despair may never possess us
Entire, with its dark winding shroud,
While our sight can behold in the distance,
A beautiful Rift in the Cloud.

Through the Rift, the bright faces are gleaming—
I think I have seen them before—
They're looking so near like the loved ones,
That drifted away from our shore.
And I hear a faint murmur of voices,
Floating out, though the sea is so loud—
And a wave of the hand can discover,
Reaching down through the Rift in the Cloud.

Quicker throbs the faint heart in the bosom—
Firmer dips the light dripping oar—
Lightly flows our frail life, in its courses—
We are nearing the Beautiful Shore.
Not the shore of the Dead—but the living—
Not the dim "Land of Shade," nor of Night—
Not a Myth, not a Ghost, not a Phantom,
But a veritable "Region of Light."

We're almost to Land! and our footsteps
Shall fall in a beautiful realm—
Where the music of Life shall entrance us—
Nor darkness our spirits o'erwhelm.

The anchor is ready for casting—
Wrap closer the fold of your shroud—
We soon are to step on the greensward
Revealed by, the Rift in the Cloud.

We're almost to Land ! and the music
Floats out, from our Home over there—
And the fragrance of flowers, richly laden,
Is wafted to us on the air.
And the trees of the Palm there are waving—
Their branches with foliage are bowed—
A "Token of Victory"—unto us
Revealed by the Rift in the Cloud.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

See, the leaves are falling earthward—
Mark their colors, rich and rare—
Green and purple, red and golden—
They were dyed with nicest care.
Hear their music as they scatter,
Carpet-like upon the ground ;

With their gentle flutter, flutter,—
Listen to the dry leaf's sound.
Fairy-like this downward motion—
Beauteous fragments, from the trees—
That I ask in child-like wonder—
Who, could make such things as these ?

ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

We come to breathe a note divine,
From the Land beyond the sea ;
Where the sweetest chords do twine,
Of spirit Love and Harmony.
Yes! we bring a song of Love,
To the dear ones left below—
From our happy home above,
Floats the music soft, and low.
Softly, gently, come we now,
Twining garlands for your brow.

Yes ; we gather 'round your way,
Whispering comfort to the soul—
Brushing back the gathering gloom,
When the turbid waters roll.

Cherished forms, and faces bright
That were loved so fond and true;
Living now in realms of Light,
Often come to visit you.
Breathing peace, and joy, and love,
From the Angel-home above

Fairer flowers than Earth can know,
In the Summer-Land do bloom,
And the purest streams do flow,
In the Land beyond the tomb,
Where the pure and good are blest,
And the weary soul can rest.

A WIFE'S LESSON.

I had long been dreaming—
A pleasant, quiet dream—
And my weary feet had rested,
Beside Love's sweetest stream.
And my dizzy brain been drinking
Of a nectar rich, and rare ;
And my heated brow been pressing
On a pillow, light as air.

Yes ! my longing soul had feasted,
And my spirit drank the wine ;
Till I near forgot Life's lessons,
And the Teacher quite Divine.
I have loved, yes ! even worshipped
At an altar 'neath my God—
Bowed my soul before a creature—
And in fairy realms I've trod.

Yes, his smiles have been my heaven,
And his voice been my delight—
In his absence, how I missed him—
Thought of him both day and night.
Shall I tell you what awakened—
Brought me from the happy dream—
Brought to me this rigid lesson—
Pushed my boat into the stream ?

It was right I will acknowledge—
Sent to teach me where I stood—
Rouse my drowsy soul from slumber—
Working out my spirit's good.
One morn from restless sleep awaking
With a wild, and tedious pain—
How it darted through my temples—
Whirled, confused, and taxed my brain.

Three long days I spent in anguish—
Three dark, weary nights went by—
When rest came—but I was weakened,
Nervous quite, nor wonder why.

How my thoughts went out to meet him—
How I longed for his return—
How I looked, and anxious waited—
How the flame within did burn.

Well I knew he loved me fondly—
He, my husband, dearest friend—
How his look would cheer my spirit—
And his voice, a charm would lend.
When the time came for his coming,
I would try and be quiet well,
Else my weary look might pain him,
And grief in his bosom swell.

Well, he came—my heart o'erflowing—
As his welcome step drew nigh—
How it fluttered in my bosom,
And a tear would dim mine eye.
But the next day he must leave me,
Since the world did need his care—
I could bear it since he loved me
Love would hover even there.

Ere he went I grew so weary,
That my head did whirl with pain,
And my form grew faint, and sickish—
So I lay me down again.
Then they told me he was going,—
Hard it was to check the sigh—
Then I tried to rise and whisper,
In his ear a fond good bye.

No neglect, for 'twas his nature,
To assume a careless way—
I would struggle like a woman—
For my idol was but clay.
But he went, no word he gave me—
Nor a look to cheer the hour—
I was wounded—God of Heaven
Help me with thy mighty power.

But a friend was near, and whispered—
This was what her lips did say—
“Has he left you, he, your husband,
In this cold unfeeling way?
O those words were fire and torment,
How they thrilled through every vein ;—
They were meant for good, not evil,
No intent of giving pain.

Do I blame ! forbid it Heaven,
He is noble, kind, and good—
Angels sent this lesson to me
Just to show me where I stood.
It but roused me from my dreaming—
Said your active soul must rise—
Time enough been spent in slumber—
Brush the mist, before your eyes.

Active souls and hands are needed—
Gods great work must all be done—
Rest no longer by the wayside,
Till your highest goal is won.

Fondly now my soul clings to him—
Love doth sway me like a stream
But the spell is gone—is broken—
I am roused from out my dream.
Hand in hand though we may travel—
Heart to heart along Life's road
I can ne'er again so worship,
At an altar 'neath my God.

KIND WORDS.

Midst shades, there sat a weary soul,
Bowed down with grief, and loads of care ;
Where fierce and loud the torrents roll,
Just on the brink of dark despair.

“O God !” it cried “I faint and die
The mandate stern, the dark decree
Bears hard upon me—I would fly
Where I might rest—I might be free.

This burden load doth press me down—
This fettered soul is filled with grief—
The cold dark world doth on me frown—
I ask for Death to bring relief.”

I strive, I toil, but all for naught—
My labor's fruitless, all is vain—
While trouble wrecks me all unsought—
My brain grows sick, and wild with pain.

The past is mixed with grief and woe—
The present, O, tis hard to bear !
The future, ah ! I dread it so—
I faint, I sink in deep despair,"

Thus mused that soul—deep sorrowing then—
Groaning beneath its weighty load—
Saw naught but woe far as his ken,
Could pierce time's long, and dreary road.

"Alone, I am all alone ! " he cried
"No friendly face or form I see—
It better were that I had died—
Since none are left to pity me."

But list ! a friendly voice doth speak—
The sufferer turns to catch the sound—
He clings to Life though faint and weak,
For lo ! a friend he now hath found.

One word from friendly lips has brought,
Amidst the furious storm, a calm ;
The sympathy he long had sought
Saved from despair, and proved the balm.

And Hope once more glowed in his breast—
He strove to bear the chastening rod—
Though deep afflicted, not unblest—
While Faith still pointed to his God.

Imagination did not paint,
The anguish we have here portrayed—
There's many a soul that's faint and weak,
While friendship's voice is long delayed.

There's many a heart that's filled with grief—
There's many a load of care and pain—
They's many a word might give relief—
Inspire with hope, and trust again.

Be mindful then, your words are fire,
They live through time's eternal swell—
They may add anguish, or inspire
A soul with good no tongue can tell.

LIGHT OF THE ERRING.

[C. W. Watson.]

Light of the erring, shine—
 Shine through the gloom—
Light Thou the pathway that
 Leads through the tomb.
Shine on the wanderer—
 Cheer thou his heart—
Guide through the rugged path—
 Heal thou his smart.

Guard Thou the feeble lamb—
 Watch Thou with care—
Keep Thou beneath the Light—
 Save from despair—
Shield Thou the broken reed,
 Let not it fall—
Shine on the sorrowing head—
 Shine Thou on all.

Light through the valley dark—
Cheer through the cloud—
Hold Thou the sinking one,
With anguish bowed.
Light of the erring shine—
Shine through the gloom—
Light Thou the pathway that
Leads through the tomb.

LIFE'S VOYAGER.

[J. Franklin.]

Beside the beach, where the billows reach,
And the wild waves heave their spray;
A workman bold, in days of old.
Had made his tiresome way.
Had journeyed far—
Led by a star—
Which shone from o'er the strand;
The clouds were heavy o'er his head,
And angry was the ocean's bed.
Which washed against the land.

His boat stood waiting on the shore—
As boats had often done before—

He pondered—

Gazing far—

Then quickly caught the waiting oar,
For there, amid the Ocean's roar,
His eye had caught a star.
Far from the beach, where the billows reach,
On sped the little bark :
With steady hand, he beat the strand,
The surges, and the dark.
Far from the beach, where the billows reach,
Or the wild waves heave their spray
With steady hand he beat the strand,
And sped him on his way.

All up and down,

Where the wild waves frown—
On the waters, deep, and dark,
His eager eye, would often spy
Some floating little bark.
And there, amid the billows roar
Each battling for the other shore.
Thought he, I am not alone
Upon the sea of Life,
For thousands brave, are on the wave,
Contending with its strife.
He grasped the oar with new found power,
And swifter sped the craft—
O'er the billows bold, it gaily rolled—
And at the surges laughed.

And soon into the port he rode,
For which he'd journeyed far,
Across the wave, he'd labored brave,
For truth had been his star.

AN ACROSTIC.

Cora, for you I'd write a line
Of something sweet for you to trace,
Reflecting o'er Life's checkered path,
A fragrance rare, your life to grace.

Enriched by Truth, and Love sincere—
Virtue encircling 'round your way—
Enveloped by a pure desire—
Lasting, and fairer than the day.
Youth now is thine with health and strength,
Naught should disturb the peaceful flow

Lent to your life in gladsome youth,
Ere age leaves traces on your brow,
Angels, while clustering 'round your way,
Veiling their faces from your sight.
Infuse your spirit with a ray
To cheer you through the darkest night.
To aid you in your search for truth

Together they, and you may go,
Until your faith is lost in sight,
Revealing what the wise may know.
Nearer to goodness may you draw
Enchanted by its holy light
Reflecting 'round your earthly walk

Much peace and joy, to aid the right.
And may your spirit, grand, and free,
Imbued with wisdom, Truth, and Love,
Ne'er falter till the goal is won.
Entered the Summer-Land above.

ALONE.

" Alone, I'm all alone, I pondered,
And ever weary here may be my lot,
And troubled care may ever press its burden,
And my worn feet may find no resting spot.
The cloud hangs heavy, ever dark, and sad, and
gloomy,
No covert have I from the blasting storm—
No shade to shield, when scorching heat is raging,
No quiet home, to rest my burdened self upon.

Once I had these, and loving hearts I cherished,
And friends were mine, both gentle, kind and
true—

But death is cruel, and soon, alas! they perished;
And to them forever I have bid a last adieu.

Forever, O forever! nor do you wonder
That I sigh, and weep, and mourn me for the
past;

And lose all courage, mid the din and turmoil
Of a life in which my troubled lot is cast.

Or can you wonder that I faint and falter,
Or that my heart is cold and stupid like a stone,
For now I feel that should stern Death o'ertake me,
That I must lay me down and die alone.

(Yet not alone.)

In this sad state full many a year I wasted—
In melancholy mood my days were spent;
Until I reached the dark, damp valley,
Which bounded life's wild vague extent.

I passed the valley, when, O ye suffering mortals!
What visions burst upon my dawning sight;
For though the gloom was dense, I saw the portals
Open there for me, with Life, and everlasting
Light.

In dumb amazement, and with awe unbounded
I gazed in wonder—and this fact I'll own;
I there took in the great, grand lesson,
No being ever lived, and died alone.

For unto every one who liveth
Comes guardian angels, filled with life and love
To help them bear of life the heavy burdens,
And lead them to a glorious home above.
To bring them all the needed teachings
And let each trembling spirit know,
The fount is pure from which we drink life's lessons.
And into each its living waters flow.

Then let the dead past buried go,
And grasp the treasures of the present hour—
The bud of hope, and trust will bring you glad re-
lease,
And sweet indeed shall be the sacred flower.”

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

[Unknown.]

Kind friends! one and all,
Assembled here to day
I pray you give attention
To what I have to say.
'Twas in a lowly cottage—
The place where I was born—
Where nature's glorious beauties

Did usher in each morn.
A stern, relentless tyrant,
A hard, unbending foe,
Caused me to walk in poverty,
The journey while below.
I trudged along in darkness,
O'er Life's uneven road,
No cherished friend to guide me
Or point me on to God.
In tiresome paths I wandered
Through deserts, bleak and bare,
O'er hills, through rugged windings,
I did almost despair;
But God, the loving Shepherd—
More precious far than gold,
He knew the toiling lone one
And brought me to the fold;
And now kind friends, I come here
To let each toiler know,
There waits for them a mansion
To which they'll surely go.
A loving father leads them
On to the shore above—
Remember what I tell you,
"Our Father God is Love."

—

HEAVEN.

Where is Heaven? And where is Hell?
And where are we to-day?
Come, answer me these questions now,
Yes, where is Heaven? I say.

And what is Love, and what is Hate,
And what is Friendship's tie?
And what is pleasure, what is pain,
And what a tear, or sigh?

O Heaven! Immortal, glorious boon,
Dearest to mortals given,
The soul that feels at peace within
Is tasting now of Heaven.

'Tis he who feels for brother man,
Sees good in all things given;
And wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
That feels the most of Heaven.

The heart that's full of selfishness,
In which deceit doth dwell,
Courts injury to his brother man
Doth drink the dregs of Hell.

'Then Heaven and Hell are in the soul,
At least, the part we understand—
'Tis the condition that you're in,
And not a distant land.

Were you to go to spirit life
As given to my view,
You'd find it Heaven or Hell, or both,
Just which was most in you.

Love is an element divine,
Its birthplace in the skies;
It draws its life from angel realms,
'Tis such it never dies.

And Hate is but the opposite
Of Love and Friendship tried,
And when the heart is full of these,
Then Hate must stand outside.

True Friendship's tie will stand the test,
Change not in trial's hour,
For 'tis a chord that binds the soul,
That comes within its power.

And Love, a priceless gift divine—
'Tis neither bought nor sold,
Links soul to soul forever more,
Is better felt than told.

And pain and pleasure are the shades
Which circumstances cast;
And both alike are very good,
And both with time will last.

A smile or tear, the welling up
Of the soul's emotions there—
The overflowing of a thought,
A sacred ray or prayer.

ANGELS.

Speak softly, for I hear a footstep
Treading lightly on the floor;
And I see a moving shadow
Enter through yon open door.
Fairy shadow, yet so real,
Enter through yon open door.

List! a voice though faint, yet cheery,
Catch the sound, for life it brings,
Beauteous life to pilgrims weary—
How my soul within me springs;
For that music softly floating.
Glorious life anew it brings.

'Tis an angel voice that speaketh,
Angel footfalls that I hear;
Angel shadow moving lightly,
Cherished angels hover near.
Household angels, blest immortals,
Cherished angels hovering near.

"Write!" they say, "while we direct you,
Write! that others, too, may know;
Write! while angel guards protect you,
And their influence 'round you throw;
Write while passive is your spirit,
Let the inspiration flow."

So I list me to those voices
Till my soul doth catch the flame;
And in harmony rejoices,
That to Earth the angels came;
Entered here my humble dwelling,
And to me the angels came.

Never doubting, I will trust them
For these visits of their love—
Trust them, for the light is beaming

From the higher realms above.
Guarding, guiding, leading ever,
To those higher realms above.

THE OLD HOME.

O the old brown house, by the old roadside,
With its broad roof arching high;
Its gray stone steps, and windows deep,
With grape-vines towering nigh.
The garden walk and maple grove,
The orchard, large and grand—
How oft' I've climbed there on some limb,
To see if I could stand.
The merry brook so near the house—
How many times I've waded o'er;
O can it be that I can hear
Your music, and your song no more.
O can I never stoop again
To grasp your pebbles, bright and clean?
I'm thinking of my dear old home—
Is it a dream? Is it a dream?
The dear old barn where I have played
'Go hide and seek,' with brothers dear,

And chased the biddies for their eggs,
And listened to old chanticleer.
My posies in the garden, too,
The woodbine on the wall,
Where I have climbed in childhood glee,
But sometimes I would fall.
Ah! well do I remember now,
The beauties of that home—
Dearer by far than thrones to me,
Why was I called to roam.

MUSINGS.

I sit on the bank of a wild, foaming river,
I'm gazing across to the opposite shore;
The waves, they dash madly, then strangely do
quiver,
Then go rushing on, and I see them no more.

O river! fit emblem of Life's wild commotion,
I look on your waters, so bold and so strong;
And think of Eternity's wondrous great Ocean,
To which I am hastening and hurrying along.

As onward you sweep, with waves dashing proudly,
Heed not pain or pleasure, still chanting your
song;
So Time's mighty river with stern moving waters,
Is bearing us ever, and hastening us on.

LIGHT OF TRUTH.

What light is this comes streaming down
Through the deep mists of ether blue;
Shedding its radiance all around,
Piercing the soul-chords through and through?
We feel its influence 'round us now,
Its genial rays illumine this hour,
And, O our souls can know no gloom,
While 'round us does this safe-guard tower.
It lifts our thoughts and spirits up
To the Celestial realm above—
While aye, the beauties of that Land
Make us o'erflow with purest love;
And brighter shines the light afar,
And bolder grows our hearts within,
For we can read within its gleams
How grand and mighty is our theme.

The all immortal theme of Truth,
Is wafted on those rays divine—
The clouds of error flying back,
As onward moves the wheel of time.

SPIRIT SONG.

[Rachel.]

While you're weeping in your sorrow,
That a loved one went before,
I am safely o'er the river,
Waiting on the other shore.
Father, mother, sisters, brother,
I am waiting on the shore.

While you're grieving in your sadness
That you see my face no more;
I an angel stand awaiting,
Looking from the other shore.
Father, mother, sisters, brother,
I am waiting on the shore.

When the boatman of the river
Will say that your time is o'er,
And will row you cross the waters,
I will meet you on the shore.
Father, mother, sisters, brother,
I will meet you on the shore.

O the river may look darkly,
As you view it from Earth's shore ;
You may dread to meet the boatman,
Who will row you safely o'er.
Father, mother, sisters, brother,
I will meet you on the shore.

Never fear, though loud the billows,
And the angry waves do roar ;
For the boatman safe will land you
On the glorious Spirit Shore.
Father, mother, sisters, brother,
I will meet you on the shore.

This the song^e I wish to sing you,
Look above, and weep no more ;
For 'tis blessed to be gathered
Safely on the angel shore.
Father, mother, sisters, brother,
I have reached the angel shore.
Father, mother, sisters, brother,
I will meet you on that shore.

A LOVE LETTER.

Sweet love, I miss thee ; when thou art not by my side
My thought will wander far to where thou art,
And hover o'er thee, like the mists above the tide
At early morn,—of my own being thou art part.
When eve lets down her mantle, and the shadows fall ;
Or night wraps darkness 'round me, thick and
dense ;
My spirit seeks thee, on thy loved name doth call,
Whilst I've no power, nor will, to take it hence.
Or when the moon is marching through the star-lit sky,
I love to watch its progress, till my soul can see
Immortal glories, that can never fade or die,
And linked with each bright dream, are thoughts
of thee.
Or when fair morning flits o'er all the land—
Casts forth her beams to make the nations blest—
My soul goes out, till by thy side I stand,
And thy dear presence makes my Heaven and rest.

IMMORTAL TRUTH.

[J. KNOX.]

Immortal Truth! Thy power descends
 To beautify, replenish and refine.
 The heart, the soul of man, conceives
 That Thou art good, Thou art Divine.
 Immortal Truth! we own Thy sway
 Existing through the lapse of years—
 Though kings may rise to put Thee down,
 Thou onward mov'st, hast no compeers.

Immortal Truth! Thy power Divine
 Is seen, and felt throughout the Land—
 No tyrant, despot, knave, or fool,
 Can take the scepter from Thy hand.
 Immortal Truth! Thy power alone.
 Is mightier than the polished sword—
 No other King may rise and claim
 The honors which Thy rays afford.

All error, superstition, wrong,
 Be banished from the Earth forsooth,
And Thine the power, and glory all:
 Thrice blessed One, Immortal Truth.
And all the nations of the Earth—
 Alike old age, and fairer youth,
Shall bow before Thy throne, nor seek
 A better shrine, Immortal Truth.

LINES FROM "PILGRIM."

From out the "Great ethereal blue,"
 I see a form divinely fair;
Come floating on the wings of Light,
 And wafted by embrosial air.

So fair, so pure, so full of grace,
 So fraught with life, and hope, and love—
E'en now she comes to visit Earth,
 And brings a peace-branch from above.

And circling 'round that fair one's brow,
 A wreath of golden light doth rest—
As dewdrops 'neath the smiles of morn
 Upon the pure, white lily's breast.

She enters through the open door
And smiles to see you gathered 'round;
For here, amid your group to-day
Her dearest earth-friends hath she found.

As falls the rain-drops from the clouds,
Or lighter flakes of purest snow,
So rests her influence on her home
From whence they told her she must go.

But now, to-day, with smiles so sweet,
And accents which the angels claim,
She asks you not to mourn for her,
Or grieve at mention of her name.

For bye and bye, each one, and all,
A dear, unbroken family band,
Shall meet where joys are richer far,
In the Immortal Spirit Land.

A TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

From "Pilgrim" to M. H. A.

When the sunshine falleth
On the morning flower,
Then "Pearly-Drop" will glisten
In the leafy bower.

Where the "White-Rose" blossoms
On its couch of green,
Casting forth its fragrance—
Little "Dew-Drops" seen.

Where the "Dancing-Waters"
Leap to notes of joy;
Floating brisk and lightly,
There is "Sunny-Boy.

By the cooling fountain
Where the shadows fall;
"Hope" doth fold her pinions,
Whispering "rest for all."

Where Immortal morning
Chants peace, and love divine,
In the great Eternal—
Lives "Evangeline."

And thus a wreath is twining
By fairy hands above,
Which forms of light and beauty
Will bind with chords of love.

The first flower in the garland
A "Rosie-White" shall be,
Whereon the "Dew-Drop" sparkles
To prove a charm for thee.

The "Pearly-Drop" will glisten
Like diamonds in the spray,
And "Sunny-Boy" will watch it
While "Dancing-Waters" play.

And "Hope" casts in a token
Into this wreath of thine—
The whole shall be completed
By pure "Evangeline."

When darkening shadows lower
And angry clouds are nigh—
Then think a wreath is twining
By angel hands on high.

One morn you'll wake to find it
A resting on your brow;
Its touch will calm the tempest
Which oft' distracts you now.

MY FLOWERS.

I watched them in the morning
So near the pane they grew—
With colors bright and golden
All sparkling in the dew.

I petted and caressed them,
Oft praised their beauty rare;
As o'er my heart I pressed them,
Or wove them in my hair.

I daily sprinkled water
All o'er each tender stalk;
Their beauty well repaid me—
They seemed almost to talk.
They seemed to tell of flowers
Whose beauty could not die;
And bid me have my treasure
Above the bright blue sky.

One morn I woke to find them
All faded, gone, and dead.
The cruel frost had nipped them,
And on their beauty fed.
But I read from out each centre,
"Perennial flowers will bloom,"
Where frosts can never enter,
Beyond the narrow tomb."

THE FATED SHIP.

Once on a time, when the wild waves lashed
With fury 'gainst a rock-bound shore;
A lonely vessel struggled long—
Then down she sank to rise no more.

With vigor long maintained they strove,
Alike the ship, alike the crew—
Till 'gainst the ragged rocks they struck
When ocean hid them deep from view.

The storm raged hard for many an hour,
The breakers dashed in fury loud;
And heartfelt prayers died on the wave,
Whilst stout men wept amid the crowd.

Tossed like a feather in the gale,
They rode o'er miles of watery deep;
Till 'gainst the rocks the good ship sprang
With awful, stunning, fearful leap.

So mad was she—then backward reeled—
A flame sprang up above her deck—
A moment more, and she had sank,
A char'd and shattered dubious wreck.

'Twas off the coast of Florida,
She sailed some weeks before ;
To gather treasures from the deep,
Twixt there and Cuba's shore.

But storm on storm had drove her far
Adown Atlantic's angry tide,
Till on a stranger coast she flew,
O'ercome at last, she groaned and died.

Not one was left to tell the tale—
Not one was left to pray or weep ;
All, all went down amidst the gale,
Beneath the angry, foaming deep.

And all remained there—save a soul
Of each, outstripped the foaming crest—
Went home to God, to live for age,
And with his children to be blest.

And when the sun again shone forth,
There came no cry of wild despair,
From out that reeling, staggering ship,
To faint and die upon the air.

But all was calm and still, as if
No storm had ever marred the spot;
As if no anxious face at home
Would wait in vain the unforgot.

'Tis just as well, since through life's storms
Each wave of time bears toward the coast,
And be the journey long or short,
All souls are His, none can be lost.

They live above, that gallant crew,
Not Death nor waves can bind the soul.
Immortal spark of God supreme,
Who holds Creation's whole control.

MIGHTY DEEDS.

Old Jasper was sitting at home one day,
And the smoke from his pipe was puffing away;
His cane stood near with its head of gold,
And one armless sleeve, which a story told
Of a time when he was young and brave,
And his life's young morn to his country gave.

He had stood at the head of an army grand,
And led them forth with a grave command,
Till the tyrants fled like a frightened bird,
And his daring deeds had the country stir'd;
He had stood at the wheel in the wildest storm,
And managed the ship like a giant form,

As she bounded over the boisterous strand,
And steadied her helm till she reached the land.
He had met with danger in many a way,
Till his form was bowed, and his head was gray;
Yet his heart was true, 'and his eye was mild,
As he laughed and played with a sweet grand-child.

A sunny haired girl with a deep blue eye,
Who frolicked about, till she said, with a sigh,
"Please, grandpa, do tell me now, under the sun,
What's the mightiest deed you ever have done?"

He pondered a moment, his head turned away,
Then slowly and calmly the child heard him say—
"To govern my passions, to bridle my tongue,
Are the mightiest deeds I ever have done."

DEATH IS SOMETIMES KIND.

In the years that are past, when the shadows of life,
Less darkly beclouded the pathway below,
When our hearts had not tasted the dregs of the cup,
Or drank from the depths of its woe.

When the angel of Death sometimes called at the
door,

And bear some dearly loved one from the fold;
In our blindness and sorrow we could not discern
But death was so cruel and cold.

When the sweet little blossoms which fell in our way,
Were struggling in anguish, all vainly for breath,
And their forms grew so cold in that silent embrace,
That we answered, O cruel is Death.

When the fair manly form was cut down, ere its prime,
And crushed were the prospects which brightened
life's dream—

While he culled out our treasures, and bear them
away,

Pitiless then, Death's angel did seem.

When a brother was taken in childhood's fair morn,
Then Death seemed a tyrant, to gather such prey;
When some loved one was summoned, and answered
the call,
Or a dear sister was beckoned away.
When the cold clouds of earth fell heavily down
Where the form we had cherished was sadly lain
low,
We shuddered to think Death held such a power,
And that all at his summons must go.

So we there closed our eyes, and we strove to forget
(Not our dear ones, but) the thought of Death's
cruel reign,
And looking beyond, we some comfort had gleaned,
From the prospect of meeting again.
But when a dark angel more direful than death,
With a cold, mocking sneer, passed in at our door,
And left such deep footprints, that bewildered and
dumb,
Our hearts nearly broken, lay bleeding and sore.

As we gazed on the form of one dearly beloved,
Saw the fair light of reason dethroned and cast
down,
Heard the mad fitful ravings from lips we had pressed,
Nature beclouded, seemed darkly to frown.
How we strove 'mid the darkness, to gather one
gleam,

To brighten the pathway, or to bring him relief;
Each effort how vain there, and how fruitless the
dream,

The Angel, relentless, seemed mocking our grief.

But when the white robes of the angel called Death,
Were folded about him, so calm and so still,
And the eyelids were closed, then long unused to
sleep,

Hushed seemed the tempest, and quiet the will.
As we gazed on that forehead, so cold and so white-
ned,

Though feelings of sorrow were all we could find,
As we thought how he'd suffered, we thankfully whis-
pered

Though sadly indeed, Death sometimes is kind.

THE ORDEAL OF FIRE.

Swiftly pass the fleeting moments,
Smoothly flows the stream of time;
Golden hours of happy childhood,
While the Summer bells do chime.

Birds are singing 'mid the flowers,
While the balmy air is sweet,
And the hall is full of music,
And the din of little feet.

Patter, patter down the stair-case,
Onward through the open door,
Till the music comes so faintly
That we fain would hear it more.
Little hats, and shoes, and stockings,
Picture book, and many a toy,
Little pants, with string in pocket—
These, are left of our dear boy.

Little aprons, dresses, bonnets,
Dolly lying on the floor,
Cradle empty in the corner—
Will our girls come in no more?
Let us follow, though the twilight
Ever deepens, 'round our way;
That we see the many pathways,
Where the children chance to stray.

Onward, onward, onward ever—
How the little feet do go,
Till we lose them 'mid the shadows,
Where the stream of Life doth flow.
Now and then we catch a flutter
Of a garment down the way,
Where the children went in gladness
On that beauteous summer day.

But old Time, with locks so hoary,
 Shades around the path has thrown,
And our blithsome girls and boys,
 Men and women now are grown.
And perchance a thread of silver
 Nestles in the sunny hair;
And perhaps a little furrow,
 On the brow that once was fair.

And the thorns have pierced our darlings,
 Till their feet are bruised and sore—
They have changed in every feature,
 Since they passed the open door.
And I ask my heart the meaning
 Of the overhanging hue
Which is shadowed 'cross the pathway,
 Ever changing to the view.

And I ask in meek submission,
 Why must we so suffer here?
With such trials and afflictions,
 Crushing what we hold most dear.
Why the thorns outlive the roses!
 Why the cloud obscure the sky!
Why stern Death cull out our treasures,
 And the blossoms droop and die.

Then an angel stood beside me,
 While he took me by the hand;
"Come" he said, "I'll read a lesson
 As we journey o'er the land."

Then 'twas springtime, and the ploughman,
Sang his song of merry cheer;
And the feathered songsters warbled
Gladsome notes to charm the ear.

And the good seed falling earthward,
Soon sprang forth in fruit or flower,
And the angel whispered softly,
"Of the living mark the power."
And the sunshine, streaming downward,
Fell o'er river, vale, and hill;
Waking Earth to light and beauty,
Till our hearts like magic thrill

With the tide of life there flowing,
Ever coursing through each part,
As we feel the 'Everlasting'
In each beating of the heart.
Then the angel smiled so sweetly,
That I never thought of fear,
As I saw the dark clouds lower,
And the rain drops hover near.

Drip, drip, drip, a world of waters
Covered leaf, and flower, and tree;
Sparkling, seemed to drink in gladness
From the fountain, pure and free.
Then 'twas Autumn, and we wandered
Slowly, where the wild ferns grew—
Frosts had changed the green to golden,
And the north wind gently blew,

Fruits were garnered in the store-house,
And the singing birds were fled,
And the sky, o'ercast and gloomy,
Was the covering overhead.
Next, we stood down by the ocean,
Where the angry billows roar;
And the cold dark waters madly
Dashed against the rock-bound shore.

Out we gazed—far out o'er breakers,
Where a good ship ploughed the main,
And its deck was heavy freighted
With those coming home again.
On she sped in strength and beauty,
Moving like a thing of life;
Bounding over foam and billow,
Like a conqueror, 'mid the strife.

Then we stood upon a hill-top
With a valley just below,
Where a bright-eyed maid was kneeling,
Where a babbling brook did flow.
Yes; her brow was fair, and gently
Bent she with a girlish grace
O'er the brook, in pride and wonder,
As it mirrored there her face.

Then she changed, her hair was silvered,
And the tottering form was thin,
As she raised a cup in weakness,
Overflowing to the brim.

Slowly drank the cooling potion
With a countenance forlorn—
When a change came o'er the picture,
Maid and woman, both were gone.

Then the angel spoke so clearly,
Saying "Give your vision range,
You will see that earth and waters
Ever now are marked by change.
And while Progress' wheel is moving,
Nought can ever stand quite still,
Ever changing in their seasons,
From the Ocean to the rill.

From the Spring unto the Autumn,
Through the sunshine and the storm,
Through the varied ways of Nature
Each are changing in their form.
Youth, then age will surely follow,
Nature's law we must obey—
While we look to Earth or Heaven,
Change will ever lead the way."

As the Angel ceased his speaking,
All around me calm and still,
Save the beating in my bosom,
And the rising of my will.
I could see how change was blessed,
As' in onward paths we go—
Still my question was unanswered,
Why must some, then, suffer so?

I had asked it in my sorrow,
When my soul was full of pain;
Still 'twas clinging to my heart-strings,
And I asked it yet again.
Somehow in my soul I could not
Seem to understand it well;
How afflictions make us better,
With their mighty heaving swell.

Why we could not change in nature,
As the shrub, or tree, or flower,
With a natural out-going
Through the many changeful hour.
Why our senses were so keenly
Intertwined with all around,
And the force of life within us
Ever more than we could bound,

I was sad—my thoughts tumultuous
Swept beyond my own control,
Ranging farther than my vision,
E'en beyond where planets roll.
God of Life! I cried in fervor,
Tell me, tell me if ye can,
Why it is that ye so fashioned
Such a being as is man.

Complicated is he ever,
Led on by a mighty power—
E'en with all his wondrous wisdom,
Never knew himself an hour.

I looked up in shame and sorrow,
For a smile the angel wore,
As he wrapped his mantle 'round me,
Upward, then, we both did soar.

Up and on, through space unbounded
I was carried by his will,
'Till a strange light gathered 'round me,
And my beating heart was still.
Then my guide spoke with commanding,
"Look ye through the spirit lens
Down to Earth, and note the process
Which is ever moulding men."

As I looked amazement filled me,
Not like shrub, or tree, or flower,
Was the man that God had fashioned
By his everlasting power.
But from all the wide creation,
And from each created thing,
Man was fashioned into being,
God, the ever hidden spring.

In his nature was a mixture
Of what e'er the Earth possessed;
E'en the air gave him assistance,
And the waters made him blest.
And the old rocks, rude in structure,
All the metals fine indeed—
E'en the gems below the Ocean
Lent their aid to meet his need.

And a mighty tide was flowing,
 With strange atoms it was fraught,
Quickening into life his being,
 By the surging stream of thought.
Calmly then the angel questioned,
 "Child of Nature, can ye tell
Why it is that man must suffer
 By afflictions mighty swell?

How, from all these things created
 Man could move in quiet flow?
With such elements within him,
 With their own tumultuous throë?"
I was dumb, no words were given,
 In my weakness I was still,
For I felt my own dependence—
 Hushed in quiet was my will.

"Come," he said, "there's more in waiting,
 Down to Earth again we'll glide;
Fear not, though the flight is downward,
 I am ever by your side.
Next, we stood beside a furnace,
 Where the seething flames did rise,
With their mighty tongues of fire,
 Leaping upward to the skies.

And the night was dark and fearful,
 Whilst the stormy winds did blow
Roughly o'er the huge old mountains,
 With their heaps of drifted snow.

Dimly came the light from heaven,
Pale, from through the sombre cloud,
While the cold, damp darkness gathered
'Round us like a gloomy shroud.

Crack, crack, crack, the flames were dancing,
Whirling upward in its ire;
And the air grew hot and sultry,
By the scorching heat of fire.
And strange fuel there were gathered,
Different were the grades I ween—
And such workmen, stout and sturdy,
Ne'er before my eyes had seen.

Fire! fire! how it echoed
Outward through the darksome night;
As we calmly stood and viewed it
By its own fierce, glaring light.
While I watched its fitful flashing,
As it coursed its way along;
Pictured words were formed within it,
And it burst into a song.

THE SONG OF THE FIRE.

Come list to what I say,
I'm a monarch in my way,
And I chant a mystic lay
To those who list to me;

For my power is great and strong,
While I course my way along,
And I ever sing my song
Unto thee.

I've a power that's all mine own,
'Though to many it's unknown,
Yet often is it shown
As the years do onward roll;
For the chaff I burn away,
And the stubble will not stay
Where my flames do ever play
I control.

Though the dross I sweep away,
Yet the gold will ever stay,
Heat or melt it as ye may,
Still the precious gold is there.
Men may dig it from the mine
Yet the fire must it refine,
That its purity may shine
Ever fair.

Then I saw the flames were dying,
And the furnace heat had fled;
Each were gone, and in their places
Men and women were instead.
And afflictions pressed them sorely,
Like the scorching heat of fire,
Till from out the heat and tumult,
They were ever rising higher.

Purified by sternest trials,
Dross and chaff were swept away,
And the soul stood out triumphant,
Basking in the light of day.
Then unto my soul 'twas whispered,
"Child of nature, can ye tell,
Why it is that man is bettered
By affliction's heaving swell?"

Then my head was bowed in weeping,
As I said, my God, I see,
'Tis a law pervading nature
And it thus must ever be.
Though affliction's hand is heavy,
And its countless ways are dire,
Yet to each of Earth's frail children,
It is like refiners fire.

Then the angel smiled so sweetly
That my fainting heart grew light,
As I saw his face uplifted,
Till he vanished from my sight,
And rich music came so softly,
Stealing 'round me calm and still,
That my raptured soul repeated,
Not mine own, but Thine own will.

Then came strength, so slow and surely
Till I calmly viewed the strife;
Feeling there my soul supported
By the "Everlasting Life."

Thus I learned to trust 'Our Father,'
And to wait His own good time,
Feeling that the flame within us
Will our needy souls refine.

And though years do pass us fleetly,
While our progress here is small,
Yet eternal years unnumbered,
Now are waiting for us all.
And in time we'll burst the shell-work,
And the soul stand out so free ;
We shall know the laws which hold us,
Are the best that they can be.

JUST OVER THE WAY.

Just over the way I am looking,
Through a dim misty valley of tears,
Where the treasures of Earth have been garnered,
From the shadow of sorrow and fears ;
And the doubt from the pathway is fleeing,
Blessed Hope yet illumines the day,
For the prospect is sweet and endearing,
As I view it, just over the way.

We now stand near the banks of a river,
Where the cypress is waving around,
And the upas shade oft is our shelter,
And frigid and sterile the ground.
We are tired, and weary of waiting
For a bright and a soul cheering ray,
Yet to-day we awake to behold it,
As it glimmers just over the way.

And on through the clouds and the shadows,
As I gaze 'cross the river so cold,
The veil is drawn back from my eyesight,
And a blessed retreat I behold;
There are faces and forms we have cherished,
And Love with its magic to sway,
There are voices in accents so tender,
Come floating from over the way.

And I list, till a low, rapturous cadence
Of music, so soft and so sweet,
Fills my soul with a vision of splendor,
And the flowerets are strewn at our feet;
Sweet flowers that are plucked by immortals,
In fields that are fairer than day,
Are borne 'cross the "mystical river,"
By angels just over the way.

And while the thick veil is uplifted,
And clearer my vision appears,
I behold the dear face of our darling,
For whom we have shed many tears;

They said she was dead, and her spirit
Had flown to the Heavens away,
Never more we might feel her dear presence,
Yet she waiteth just over the way.

And near to the Life-giving Fountain,
Arrayed in those garments so white,
I know she has drank from those waters,
Encircled by Wisdom and Light:
And yet, not alone stands our darling,
Where the pure crystal waters do play,
But your darlings are beckoning you onward,
And waiting you over the way.

There are fathers, and mothers, and children,
And brothers and sisters are there,
And lovers as true as the sunlight,
And babies so tender and fair;
They have passed from your sight like the morning,
And faded their beautiful clay,
Yet their spirits are calling you upward,
While watching you over the way.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Though the shadow hath fallen so darkly,
And a light from your pathway is gone,
May the beams of the morning enwrap you.
Now streaking the sky with its dawn.

No chiding we bring for your weeping,
For dear is the solace of tears,
Let them flow, the relief they shall bring you
Shall lighten your burden of fears.

O, the depth of the love of a mother,
And the sorrow her bosom may know,
When the tendrils encircling her heart-strings
Are severed, in sorrow and woe.
And oft when the sky is the clearest,
And Nature is wondrously fair,
The clouds in their blackness will gather,
Till a hurricane sweeps through the air.

How oft when a dear loving mother,
Would shelter her babe from the blast,
While she dreams her affections may hold it,
She awakens to find it has passed.
And back to the hours that have vanished,
Fond memories fanciful play,
And she asks from the depth of her being,
What beckoned my darling away?

And her love it will linger in fondness,
Around the dear child of her heart,
And follow it out through the shadows,
And nothing can bid it depart.
And she asks of the stars in their brightness,
O where is my darling to-night?
Does the grave hold my precious in keeping,
Or lives he in regions of Light?

But the stars only mock with their twinkle,
No answer the mother can hear;
Though she longs with the deepest of feeling,
While nothing her spirit can cheer.
And she feels that a Heaven of angels,
In brightness and glory most fair,
Would bring but a pang to her bosom
Unless her sweet darling was there.

So she bows in her weakness and sorrow,
And life with its burden is borne,
While Earth onward rolls with its millions,
Though heart-strings are bleeding and torn.
And diseases will sweep o'er the surface,
And the bright lovely flowerets will fade,
And the leaves of the roses will wither,
And the mourners will weep in the shade.

And while their great woe is upon them,
And the depth of their soul-life is stirred,
And a call for a life that's Immortal,
Through the "Archway of Heaven" is heard.
And an angel of beautiful splendor,
Descends in "the pathway of tears,"
Bringing treasures and tokens of beauty,
And soothing its anguish and fears.

And a beautiful song he is singing—
It rises o'er discord and strife;
And while I now list to the music,
I catch the sweet accent of 'Life.'

Not dead, dearest mother, your darling
Is safe from the sorrows of Earth;
When the little feet faltered in weakness,
The angels bestowed a new birth.

And safe in a harbor so peaceful,
They'll shield him from sorrow and sin;
When you come to the gate of the City,
Your darling will welcome you in.
And the beautiful love you have cherished,
As pure as the angels may know,
Be a crown of glory immortal,
That deeper in richness may grow.

And oft when your burden is heavy,
The love of your darling will stray,
From the realm of his beautiful dwelling,
And beckon your spirit that way.
And oft when the conflict is fiercest,
And deep is the gloom of the night,
His presence shall brighten your pathway,
And strengthen your efforts for right.

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

There are no dead; there are no dead;
My soul repeats the sound,
I read from Nature's wondrous book,
That Life shall e'er abound.

I gaze far out to where the Sun
With brightness floods the world,
And trace a central source divine,
With folds of Life unfurled.

I gaze upon the mountain stream
Fast seeking Ocean's bed,
And trace a semblance to my soul,
Where all my hopes are fed.
While looking on a star-lit night,
When all the world is still,
A hallowed sense of Life divine
Will all my being fill.

And as I tread upon the Earth
With creatures all around,
I view a little form of life
Close crawling on the ground;
And then I see it snugly wrapped
Within a silken fold,
Until it flutters at my side
With wings of burnished gold.

And to my soul it plainly speaks,
Though I am wrapped in earth,
Yet I shall rise above the skies,
With shining gems of worth;
And onward still my course shall be,
Ascending toward the skies;
The Life now filling up my soul,
The power of Death defies.

The Book of Life I turn and read,
Page after page appears;
And countless treasures there I find
Throughout unnumbered years.
Sometimes a page unwritten lies
Fair as the flakes of snow—
And then a picture bright with Hope,
Will on the surface glow.

And oft a page quite dark indeed
Uprises to my sight;
Whose undried ink might blotted be
With spots of darkest night.
Yet still I turn, and turn, and read,
While hopes and fears will creep
Around me, like a subtle foe,
Till I both laugh and weep.

Here is a page of untold worth,
Whose magic power will throw
A sense of feeling deep indeed,
Around the "long ago."
A picture of the fire-side hearth,
When evening shadows fall;
Parents and children seated 'round,
Contentment blessing all.

The joyous laugh goes 'round and high
The children's happy glee;
Peal after peal goes through the air,
From a room not far away.

The fire-light glory floods the room,
While bright the embers glow,
Reflecting beauty all around
The dreams of long ago.

Then turn a page, and lo, we find
A missing face is there ;
The gentle accents of whose voice,
Stirs not the stilly air.
A tear will dim each lustrous eye,
Or like the raindrop flow.
For Death hath stolen many a march,
Since years of long ago.

Another page we turn, and now
The Summer flowers do bloom,
In fragrant beauty 'long the way,
Dispelling much of gloom.
The flowers of Love, and sympathy,
Which in our hearts have place ;
Can shed such fragrance far, and near,
That time can ne'er efface.

And 'though our friends pass out from sight,
And shadows shroud the way ;
We feel they live in worlds of light,
Where sunbeams ever play.
We cannot feel that they are dead—
We cannot let them go ;
While this great love within our hearts
Is surging to and fro.

And so another page we turn
And trace what there is said—
While Love and Sympathy shall last,
We know there are no dead;
For O, we feel that in our hearts,
They're ever living still,
Their presence steals around us now
An empty void to fill.

J. CURTIS.

A brother has gone to his rest—
Passed on to that radiant shore,
To dwell in the "Land of the blest,"
Where troubles oppress him no more.
In his soul he has dreamed of the day,
When his spirit should burst through the bars,
And soar to those regions away,
And rival the light of the stars.

He has faithfully done here his part,
Performed well the task that was given,
And carefully held to his heart,
His light from the glories of Heaven:

And when down to the "Valley of Death,"
He neared to the dark rolling stream,
When harder and shorter his breath,
It brightened the rays of his dream.

Only one thing still held him to Earth—
His wife and his children so dear,
Whom he'd loved from the hour of their birth,
With an increase of hope every year.
His wife—ah, the deep anguish of soul,
No words in Earth's language we find,
When he knew the deep current which rolled
Compelled him to leave her behind.

"Let me live now, O Heaven, I pray,
For the ties here do hold me to Earth;
Let me labor, nor take me away
From my home and its treasures of worth;"
But the prayer passed away like the dew—
No answering light could be shed,
But well in his spirit he knew
That soon they would count him as dead.

Dead! ah, how dreadful the sound,
If we feel that we're summoned away,
And that we must sleep in the ground,
And moulder to ashes our clay;
But our brother ne'er reasoned like this,
For he knew that the angels of Light
Would bear him to mansions of bliss,
Where cometh no shadows of night.

For oft he had met with them here—

They had stood by his side through the years,
And O! how their presence would cheer,

O'ercoming his doubts and his fears.

His sight growing dim, he passed on to sleep

Like a child, on a fond mother's breast,
Not heeding his kindred, who near him did weep,
So sadly with sorrow oppressed.

Then a low strain of music so rapturously sweet,
Filled his soul with a vision of Life—

He was borne on the pinions of angels so fleet,

Till he stood by the side of his wife;

And he found that their spirits so blended in one,

That Death could not sunder their love,

A token forever—though earthly life done,
He'd wear it in Heaven above.

The past swept before him on fleetest of wing,

All the scenes since the time of his birth,

While he heard the rich anthems the angels did sing,

To waft him away from the Earth.

“Not yet, O ye bright ones, can I join in your song,

If I'm erring, I pray you forgive—

Let me first tell the dear ones to whom I belong,

I live; yes, 'tis true; I still live.

Though my body be resting beneath the cold ground,

My spirit shall slumber nor sleep,

But near to the earth-scenes I oft may be found,

Encircling my dear ones who weep;

And when the bright portals shall open for you,
And ye go with the bright angel band,
We'll pass on together, our joys to renew,
And dwell in the fair "Summer Land."

Then weep not my darlings,
Death never can hold
The spirits the Infinite give.
Though now to your senses
My form is so cold,
I live; yes, my dear ones, I live.

THE OPEN GATE.

[“And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.”—Rev. 21-25.]

No night in the Beautiful City,
And the gate wide open stands—
No need of Sun to brighten
What the glorified spirit demands;
And there in full radiant beauty,
The warden will patiently wait,
Till the weary of Earth heavy laden,
Shall pass through the Open Gate.

Pass on to the Beautiful City,
 Little ones with the rapid feet—
Pass on to the dwellings Immortal,
 And walk through the golden street,
Where the brightest of jewels are garnered,
 And the dear loving angels will wait
To lead you with care and affection,
 As you pass through the Open Gate.

And Youth, with your pleasure and dreaming
 That fortune and fame do await,
Pass on to the Beautiful City,
 And walk through the Open Gate,
Where the buds and the blossoms of promise,
 Ne'er wither nor fade from your sight;
And the prayer of your heart shall be answered,
 In that glorious "City of Light."

And manhood, who well bears the burdens,
 And toils through the heat of the day,
And strengthens his heart through Life's battle—
 Your efforts shall fade not away;
For the heart and the hand that are willing
 To labor and patiently wait,
Shall gain a reward for their service,
 And pass through the Open Gate.

And womanhood, full of her longings
 For something that's lasting and sure—
Though your efforts appear not in grandeur,
 Yet long may their blessings endure.

Then faint not, nor be you discouraged,
Though of humble or lofty estate,
Successes shall crown perseverance,
And lead through the Open Gate.

Old age with its faltering weakness,
Weary feet with the marches of time—
Life bloometh again into beauty,
And flows to a gentler rhyme.
Though crosses and cares have left shadows,
Not long will you anxiously wait,
But press toward the "Land of the Living,"
And enter the Open Gate.

Pass on, weary one, with your burden,
There awaiteth a season of rest;
Pass on, brave of heart, in your purpose,
And enter the realm of the blest;
Pass on with a hope for the future,
Pass on to a higher estate,
Pass on to a life all immortal,
Yes, pass through the Open Gate.

GRANGE OFFERING.

[July 4th, 1881.

What shall our offering be to-night?
What theme inspire our pen,
What word present to aid the right,
Or help the sons of men?
What hope hold out to cheer the way,
Or banish pain and care,
What pleasing picture here portray,
In which we all may share?

Let Freedom be our sacred theme,
On this our noted Day,
Of a bright future let us dream,
And swell a joyous lay.
For Independence Day is here,
As patriots have declared—
Let every heart send forth a cheer,
Since each in it have shared.*

Let us forget each fettering chain
Which holds us in its grasp;
Declare our freedom here again,
As hand to hand we clasp.
We would be freed from every wrong,
The path of right pursue;
In Truth and Goodness we'd be strong,
And give each one his due.

Say to each selfish thought within,
Go! in the background stay,
And better thoughts your bright webs spin—
'Tis Independence Day.
Yes, independence over wrong—
Freedom to do aright,
To show ourselves both brave and strong,
And walk in reason's light.

Let's call our better natures up,
To God our tribute pay—
Let thankfulness fill now each cup—
'Tis Independence Day.
Yes, grander than a Bunker Hill
Your monument may be,
Ticonderoga could not boast
A better sound of Free.

Then independence over wrong,
Freedom to do aright,
To help a weaker brother on,
And make his burden light.

No need of martial music here
To consecrate this hall,
No cannon's sound sends forth a cheer,
Yet welcome, one and all.

This lovely room we dedicate,
To-night, to God and Truth,
Whose sheltering walls e'en now protect
Both hoary age and youth;
And may a blessing from above,
Fall now upon the Grange,
And may your treasury be complete,
And never lacking change.

And may such harmony prevail
Among the members all,
That honesty shall never fail
To give each one a call.

May independence crown the way,
And freedom shed her light,
While virtue casts her gentle ray,
And progress leads the right;
And may the produce be so full
That none shall empty be,
But fed from "Life's Eternal Fount,"
To all Eternity.

LIGHT.

[And God said: "Let there be Light," and there was Light.—Bible.]

We may read in Ancient History
Of a time when all was night,
Till the voice of God had spoken,
And said "Let there be light."
Then darkness fled like shadows,
And a glimmering Divine,
Spread out through all the blackness,
Till the Sun was made to shine.

Then the glory and the splendor,
Had covered e'en the sea,
For the voice of God had spoken,
And the light must surely be.
That was a time for gladness,
While the Earth, though younger then,
When God sent forth his mandate—
Responded back Amen.

O glorious light, refulgent,
 Extending through all time,
Thy warmth wakes all creation,
 And bids new beauties shine.
If we accept the History
 As being true and right,
Then surely God has spoken,
 And said "Let there be Light."

If we deny the record,
 Nor fully understand,
We still must own this statement,
 Was God's divine command.
For light is life and wisdom,
 Extending far and wide,
It seeks new fields of labor,
 Nor will it be denied.

It maketh new discoveries,
 And clears the roughest way—
Shines on the darkest valley,
 And gives "Immortal Day."
'Twas not for just a season
 That this command was given,
But covers years eternal,
 And leads the soul to Heaven.

"Let there be Light," was spoken,
 (Not by the voice of men,)
And it was well repeated,
 Forever, and again.

Let us look back a little, and take the record old,
Examine it with candor, and see what there is told;
When all the world was covered with darkness dense
 and wide,
Before mankind was given, or any form beside,
Creation found no progress, but void was all the
 Earth,
Until the words were spoken, and light was given
 birth;
Then quickly sprang to action the dry land all
 around,
The waters were divided, and moon and stars were
 found;
And animals were given, and every kind of food,
 And man was formed from atoms,
While God pronounced it good.

As years rolled in their circuit, progression paved the
 way—
The Earth ere long was peopled, the light had come
 to stay—
To lend a charm to living, and aid mankind to grow,
Yet in his two-fold nature, his progress marks were
 slow;
Yet onward he was destined through any length of
 years,
To rise above his failures, and stronger grow through
 fears;
And countless grew his numbers, the Earth he could
 subdue,

And yet his active forces were seeking something
new.

He found new stores of knowledge, and gems of precious worth,

And yet he sought for something beyond his mother
Earth;

His inner being quickened till he longed to grasp the
whole,

And to know how he was fashioned, and the birth-
right of his soul.

How zealously he labored, till he thought he'd learned
to know

That mankind was immortal, and what had made him
so;

But still he longed for knowledge, and he sought with
all his might,

For wisdom to direct him, in his anxious search for
light.

It was destined to be given, and the light was spread
abroad,

For Nature's law demanded, and the order was from
God.

"Let there be Light" was wafted from the region of
the sky—

Let there be Light for mortals, and let the darkness
fly:

Roll back, ye darksome shadows, that hover 'round
the way,

And give us truth forever, in the realm of perfect
day.

Yet many dearly loved ones
Went out from mortal sight,
And the saddened hours were many,
Where the mourners sat in night;
While they felt a link was broken,
Yet they could not let it go,
So their grief would sting like madness
Stricken by a heavy blow.

Many hearts well know the feeling,
And the bitterness which led,
When they saw their idol shattered,
And the awful thought, 'tis dead;
When no hope rose for the future,
And the misty veil had fell,
Draping everything in sorrow
With an anguish hard to tell.

Then there came a new enfoldment,
Brighter than before was seen,
And the rays sent back the darkness
With a mighty power, I ween,
Like a "Morning of Creation,"
Far away the Light was spread,
For the voice of God hath spoken—
Life is onward—there's no dead.

Life is evermore immortal,
Step by step we onward move,
While the light increases surely,
And new wonders truly prove;
Year by year we catch some glimmer
Of a stronger Light beyond,
Year by year the rays are wafted—
With new glories are they donned.

Falling back 'mong myths and fancies,
Are the dogmas of the past;
Superstitious wonders leaving,
With the shadows they have cast;
Onward rolls the mighty current
With a melody sublime;
While the Light reveals the landmarks,
All along the paths of Time.

Like to mile-stones are the stages,
As we trace them on the way;
For the voice of God hath spoken,
And the Light has come to stay.
Then let us take new courage,
And cast our fears aside—
Pursue the onward journey
Whatever may betide.

And let us march by daylight,
Lest we should step astray;
False lights go out in darkness,
And thus impede the way.

Let's gather up the treasures
That lay around our feet,
And pluck the brightest blossoms
With which we chance to meet.

Whilst passing by the fountain
Let's take a generous glass,
And cull the sweetest roses,
And let the briers pass.
Let's go with firm decision
To well pursue the right,
Nor tarry by the wayside,
But walk beneath the Light.

PETER AND JOHN.

While musing one day on the changes
That wait for the children of men,
A light that was pale as a moonbeam,
So slowly rose up to my ken.
Then a feeling of quietness, stealing
So airily over my brain,
Like the mist of a morning in Summer,
Or the light gentle falling of rain.

And calmed was each tumult of feeling,
Which rouses the soul in the strife,
'Mid crosses, temptations and sorrows,
Which fall to our every-day life.
And the beautiful mantle of silence
Had fallen, so long and so deep,
That the Earth with its thousands and millions,
Seemed buried in calmest of sleep.

And out mid the mystical atoms,
Resembling the vapors at sea,
The sweetest of voices, low calling,
"Come higher"—come higher with me.
And then like a thought I was wafted
To a region so strange to my sight,
Where a beautiful angel was waiting
To guide to the "City of Light."

The country lay rocky and broken,
Where many a foot-path was shown;
While the hillside was covered with shadows,
Where a dark tangled forest had grown.
And the air had an echo of music,
Like the low, distant sob of the sea;
And the hues of the Autumn were scattered
Far over each hill-top and lea.

And back to the west lay the dwellings,
Well fashioned by children of Earth;
In the east rose the "City Celestial,"
And countless its treasures of worth.

But a river was flowing between them—
No bridges arose to my sight;
Yet crossing this fathomless river,
Was nearing the "City of Light."

And while I stood gazing in wonder,
A low curving archway I scanned,
With high, ponderous gate at the entrance,
With dark, heavy railing 'twas spanned.
And here stood the beautiful angel,
In garments of loftiest state,
Like a warden he waited each pilgrim
That came to the ponderous gate.

And then, ere they passed through the portal,
Their travel-stained garments were scanned,
And the emblems each wore on his person,
Ere he passed to the "Beautiful Land."
Then a pathway uprose there before me,
And Peter and John came in sight—
They were brothers, and journeyed together,
Each seeking the "City of Light."

And John wore a face that was thoughtful—
His garments well fitting his form—
His mantle was closely wrapped 'round him,
Protecting him well from each storm.
No jewels I saw on his person,
But anon came a smile on his face,
As he cast by the way-side a blessing
For the next one who came to the place.

But Peter had glittering emblems,
Rich jewels besprinkled with gold,
All covering his large, outer garment,
Whose meaning the ages have told.
And he spoke in a tone that was lofty,
And well with himself seemed content;
As he pointed the turns in the pathway,
While John simply nodded assent.

And as they now neared to the gateway
John doubted his strength to proceed,
But Peter encouraged his brother,
Saying "fear not, the angel will heed—
For see, my big mantle is covered
With emblems to carry us through;
And if he should ask for your jewels,
My mantle shall cover you, too."

But when the gate turned on its hinges,
Unexpected, the passage was small,
And the big outer garments unneeded,
And low to the ground they must fall.
Forgetting all else, save the passage,
Their garments were suddenly flung
Off, and they passed the old portal,
And together the massive gate swung.

When lo! Peters clothes were so simple
Since the big outer cov'ring was gone,
That he knew his high state had departed,
And he was no better than John.

But, ah! what a change for his brother,
As his fine, manly form we behold—
The loss of his rough outer garment
Reveals the bright jewels untold.

And so near to his heart he had worn them,
Their impress was stamped on his soul,
As they pressed toward the fathomless river,
Where breaker on breaker did roll.
They must cross for the fates had decreed it,
For shun it, they surely could not,
For the pathway led down the enbankment,
Where boatmen and bridges were not.

'Twas a moment of trial of courage,
And then with a plunge they had gone;
For a moment each figure was hidden,
And out of sight, Peter and John.
And then they rose up on the surface,
Where struggling, they strove more and more,
Till at last they had conquered the waters
And stood on the opposite shore.

But so long had they striven and struggled,
That the very last garment had gone,
And now in a state quite denuded,
The brothers stood, Peter and John.
“O, what can we do for a garment,
For yonder's the ‘City of Light,’
But never we gain there an entrance,
Presenting ourselves in this plight.”

Quoth Peter, "O, where are my jewels—
They'd gain me a pass to that Land,
But alas, I have left them behind me,
Far over the deep rolling strand."
And while they stood there in confusion,
Well pondering which way they should turn;
They saw a light form in the distance,
And the sound of a voice could discern.

'Twas calling, "Come higher, my brother,
O come to the 'City of Light,'
For the purest of joys are awaiting,
Where cometh no shadows of night.
O come where garments are spotless,
And fairest of flowerets do bloom;
Where Winter and storm-clouds have vanished,
And glories are given for gloom.

Where peace like a crown all immortal,
Shall fall on the wanderer's head,
And glorious rest shall be given,
And the famishing soul shall be fed.
Where the "Waters of Life" ever flowing,
In crystalline fountains do play,
And the rapturous music of loved ones
Is beckoning the spirit away.

Yes, brother, the banquet is ready,
The Master is waiting you now;
And a beautiful crown is in keeping,
To rest on the conquerer's brow."

And while the two brothers stood listening,
A mystical halo of light
Descended, and covered the pathway,
With beauties, so dazzlingly bright.

As it glimmered and glistened about them,
What a mystery deep was portrayed,
For the shimmering light in its beauty,
The form of our John had arrayed.
Methinks that we long ago told you
How John had enstamped on his soul,
The impress of jewels most precious,
The deeds of his life to control.

The real was his, for the moment
This wonderful halo of light
Had fell^l with its charm on his person,
Their beauties were given to sight.
His garments had beautiful splendor,
With colors the richest e'er known,
While their form was a magical wonder,
Their fitness was perfectly shown.

His apron was innocence, truly,
His mantle was virtue's reward—
As he passed from my sight in the distance,
To enter the joys of his Lord.
But for Peter I wondered and waited,
Well hoping he soon would appear,
With garments a suitable portion,
And this mystery deep, become clear.

But alas, I lost sight of our Peter,
For while I was anxious to see,
I was 'roused from my deep, dreamy musings,
And faded the picture for me.
But just as I woke to the real,
An echoing accent I heard;
It thrilled through my soul-chords like magic,
And all of my being was stirred.

It was this "O ye short-sighted mortal,
Remember, though hard be the strife,
When raiment or vesture are needed,
Your garments are formed from your life.
And if your own soul bear the impress
Of things which the Master hath given,
They'll change into garments of fitness,
And robe you in glory for Heaven.

So I pray, while we well clothe the outer,
With emblems and jewels so fair,
That our soul catch a stamp of their beauty,
That they fade not, or vanish like air.

WHAT IS DEATH.

[Read at the funeral of A. Rose.]

What is Death? it is the severing
Of the tendrils of the flesh—
Outward going of the spirit—
Taking on of life afresh—
Laying down the wearied body,
Resting in the lap of Earth,
Soul uprising from the shadows,
Gaining then an angel's birth.

What is Death? go ask the sunshine
When it sweeps its broadest range,
And it answers through Creation,
Death is but a natural change;
Change of life—it is transition
To a higher form of life,
Where unfolding and expanding,
It outgrows all earthly strife.

Who are the dead? O tell me, mortals,
Is it one now born again,
Who has passed beyond your vision,
Left behind a load of pain?
What is man, ye science dreamers?
Does form comprise the mighty whole?
Then behold him here before you,
And then tell us of the soul.

Who are the dead? O brothers, sisters,
Let your own souls answer now,
While love's tendrils, closely twining,
At the mandate meekly bow.
Not our brother, the uprisen
Who has passed from earthly sight,
But 'tis those whose souls are sluggish,
Covered with a darksome blight.

Such may wear the form about them,
And in Earth-life they may tread,
Or become like stagnant waters,
May, alas, be counted dead;
But such waters, when uprising,
Help to form the mists and rain,
Though the process be surprising,
Life is here infused again.

Every drop of water gathered,
Mother Nature holds in store—
Every grain of Earth she uses,
While she turns it o'er and o'er.

Upward tending, through all stages
Is Creation's mighty plan,
While the work moves unmolested,
It must give a change to man.

And though now ye grieve in sadness,
Waiting underneath the cloud
Which has wrapped you in its blackness,
Like a closely fitting shroud;
Yet the sun shines over yonder,
And the "Light of Day is there,"
And the "Healing of the Nation,"
Floats upon the Summer air.

Though we would not chide your weeping,
For 'tis well that tears will flow,
Else the heart might burst with sorrow,
Like a rudely bended bow;
And while we would bring you solace,
Giving to your vision range,
We would whisper, suffering children,
Death, indeed, is only change.

MEMORIAL DAY. (1884.)

[Read at East Turner.]

More than a century now has passed,
 Since first we learned to say—
Our home, our Country, and our God,
 And our own Natal Day.
More than a hundred years have gone,
 Since America declared
Her independence, and her right,
 That freedom should be shared.

Though silenced now the voice and pen,
 Which first the utterance gave,
And heart and hand alike are cold,
 And mouldering in the grave;
Though Jefferson and Adams too,
 And Washington have gone,
Though Patrick Henry sleeps in dust,
 “Our Country” still is one.

For seven long years the fearful strife
Was raging fierce and loud,
And many noble, valiant hearts,
In sadness deep were bowed;
And many lives were lowly laid,
With all their cherished powers,
Ere young America could boast
The glorious Fourth is ours.

Ours as a day to celebrate,
With joy, and shout, and song—
Ours to prize and venerate,
And far its hours prolong.
Ah, yes—its memory we revere
With deepest feeling stirred;
A nation's history here we read—
A volume in a word.

Those old time names, we see them yet,
Inscribed on pages fair;
A Prescott, Warren, Putnam too—
Young Aaron Burr is there;
Montgomery, Wolfe, Meigs, Morgan, Greene,
With Moultrie, Thompson, Lee,
While Jasper leaps the parapet,
To keep our banner free.

And many more, whose honored names
Will stand through coming time.
As witnesses for freedom's cause,
And make the theme sublime.

We will not strive to mention all
Who Britain's crown defied—
You know the conquest, hard and long,
And how they fought and died.

A Franklin, Sherman, Livingston,
And Richard Henry Lee,
With Jefferson and Adams wrought,
To make our country free.
A document by them was formed
With independence rife,
Which Congress sanctioned to a man,
Regardless of all strife.

On July 4th, in '76,
The bill made clear its way,
And since that time we've yearly claimed
Our Independence Day;
Yet not alone the day we prize,
But what the day reveals—
A victory gained and long maintained,
As memory 'round us steals.

But now another day is ours,
Where we our homage pay,
Reviewing scenes now in the past,
This 30th of May.
Only a few short years have fled,
With all their vanished charms,
Since in our own United States,
The signal cry "To arms."

“To arms, ye valiant for the right,
Let oppression now be hurled
Back in the darkness of the past,
Before an anxious world.
A traitor band would crush our flag,
Which waves for Union’s trust—
Would clip the Eagle-pinions now,
And trample it in dust.”

And then came Lincoln’s call for men—
The order soon was filled;
Repeated orders yet again,
Now all the country thrilled.
Heart-rending scenes were in the land,
Excitement filled the hour,
And hearts of royal worth went forth,
To quell the rebel power.

With mingled feelings marched they on,
Sometimes with weary feet,
Sometimes exultant with their gain,
And sometimes in retreat.
The foe was strong—no idle task—
Strict vigilance alone,
Could now subdue rebellious power,
Or slavery dethrone.

Names we might mention, honored, too,
But here we will forbear;
It is enough for us to say
Our dearly loved were there.

Husbands, fathers, brothers, friends,
And lovers, too, we gave,
Our sons and neighbors, kind and good,
Our country went to save.

And when at length the war was done,
The dear old flag was free,
And homeward came the soldier troops—
A remnant we could see;
A missing one—a vacant place—
A heart-felt story told,
Of where he fell, or how he died,
A soldier true and bold.

Or mayhap, none might know the spot,
Or stand beside his grave,
Nor bear his dying message home,
Though he was young and brave.
Forget them! no, our hearts cannot,
For memory will stay
And picture new the shadowed past,
On this Memorial Day.

And as we wander through the world,
Should it be near or far,
We'll not forget the other boys,
Now wearing G. A. R.
'Tis much those simple letters tell,
If we would care to read,
Of what the past has brought to each,
In our dear Country's need.

In retrospection we behold
A little squad of men—
Perhaps their manners quite uncouth,
Might tell of where they've been,
For wars will roughen in their way—
No polish will they bring;
'Tis not the nature of such scenes,
To make refinement spring.

And yet we see the tear-drop now,
Give lustre to the eye,
A comrade grasps the proffered hand,
And whispers low "good bye."
Though home and friends are far away,
Yet affection deep is here,
And sympathy and love will spring
Within the heart sincere.

And thus, to-day, far o'er the land
A token we behold,
A fluttering 'bove a silent mound,
Where rests a comrade old.
The loyal soldier knows the charm
That steals around the spot,
When he beholds the tribute paid
To comrades unforgot.

And when he grasps the friendly hand
In meeting or farewell,
His heart responds to silent claims,
Which uttered words ne'er tell.

Let these long live and strengthened be
Through each succeeding year,
And may the "March of Life" to such
Be pregnant with "Good Cheer."

For with the grand immortal things
Which ne'er can know decay,
The true heart finds a lasting joy
Which fadeth not away.
'Tis the reward for deeds well done,
And loyalty to right,
Where truth triumphant crowns the whole,
With its all-glorious light.

While reading from the past, let us
Improve the present hour,
And seek to gain a better way
To hold a sovereign power.
Let's banish errors as they come,
As we do learn the truth,
That we enforce no cruel wars
Upon the rising youth.

If in the past a long way back,
All bondage had been crushed,
The cause of our last war would slept
Beneath the quiet dust.
But that is past—let vain regrets
Go with the vanished past,
And let a brighter era dawn,
Where freedom long shall last.

Let's nerve the heart to seek the right,
And valiantly pursue
The course where wisdom sheds its light,
While bondage we subdue.
Let every fettered soul go free
From slavery and wrong,
Long wave "our flag" in freedom's cause,
And make our Union strong.

Union of heart and hand to serve
The right wherever found,
Where peace and goodness, truth and love,
May evermore abound.
Let thought be free, nor forge a chain
To hold a brother man,
But seek to know the better way,
And nobly lead the van.

We have looked backward in the past.
More than a hundred years;
We see the present as it stands,
With all its hopes and fears.
Have we grown wiser through it all?
Is our standard higher now?
Can we not profit by the past?
(Let Heaven record each vow.)

Our Country's needy yet to-day,
A threatened danger lies,
A subtle foe lurks near the door,
'Neath lowering, darkening skies.

Dost feel his power, or fear his grasp,
Or know from whence he came?
Dost mark his footsteps through your streets,
Or hast thou learned his name?

'Tis better now to curb his power,
Ere he has mighty grown;
Before the fruit shall ripened be,
By little seeds now sown.
We must speak plainly, for we feel
Oppression still is near;
Unjust taxation in a land,
We ever need to fear.

The poor hard laboring man to-day,
(The rulers to appease,)
Pays far too heavy duties now,
That some may roll in ease.
We know this subject delicate,
Yet while we stand to-day
A pleading now for freedom's cause,
Our conscience we'll obey.

And speak what burns within the soul,
Nor shelter now the foe,
Whose rising power may come to prove
Our Nation's overthrow.
Go look to Ireland if ye will,
And trace his footsteps there,
Then homeward look, nor fear to bow
In humble, fervent prayer.

Let party gods and demagogues
Be buried with the past;
Seek principle, whose lustre bright
For evermore shall last.
The people yet do hold the power—
Then let that power be known;
Ere justice claims the sword again,
Vile slavery dethrone.

Then for the future we may hope
That peace may ever reign,
And that the victories of the past
We ever may retain.
For while 'tis loyal to support
The right with sword or gun.
'Tis better far to hold the power
Where it was first begun.

And to our Brothers of this Post
Our thanks we tender true;
Large is the debt the people owe.
Our soldier boys, to you.
And may the future be so bright,
Reflecting like a star.
Where peace alone shall crown each head,
Now wearing G. A. R.

WHEN THE TRAIN CAME IN.

“I had waited for years at the station,
 Whilst looking ahead for the train,
And patiently, willingly tarried,
 Though long had I waited in vain.
My staff was a hope for the future,
 For I felt that the in-coming train
Would bring me some message to journey,
 Till I met with the dear ones again.
Those who had gone out from my presence,
 And left but a void that was cold,
Whilst I trod the ‘pathway of shadows,’
 They traversed the ‘City of Gold;’
For somehow I knew they were living
 Afar in some region of light,
And I’d wait till a signal was given,
 For the smoke-clouds were heaving in sight;
I had dear ones who waited there with me,
 And faithfully stood by my side,

Yet I longed for a being most cherished—
 The sweet, loving face of my bride;
A light faded out when she left me,
 My song-bird forever had flown,
No matter though hundreds were near me,
 My soul-chords were playing alone;
And oft in the quiet of midnight,
 When sleep from my eyes stood apart,
I prayed from the depth of my being
 To be with the choice of my heart.
For love is a magical ruler,
 And potent his mystical sway,
Whilst he bound me so close to his scepter,
 I never was tempted to stray.
So down at the station I waited
 Till the long-coming train hove in sight—
Each stroke of the engine I counted,
 My heart wildly beat with delight;
What rapturous bliss was awaiting—
 No mortal was ever so blest,
Forth came my sweet angel to meet me,
 I clasped her so close to my breast.
Then out on the current of motion
 We soon were borne on by the train,
Yet together we now make the journey,
 And nothing shall part us again.”

TRIBUTARY POEM.

[Read before Nezinscot Lodge and Turner R. A. C., Aug. 30th, 1884.]

As we view the ancient landmarks
All along the path of Time,
Set as signals for each traveler,
With a stateliness sublime;
See the mile-stones as they tower
All along the pathway here;
And the glimmering lights above us
Beckoning on with kindly cheer.

While we list to the recital
Of the teachings of the past—
Hear the counsel freely given—
(It becomes a pleasing task.)
Feel the tie which binds the craftsman
Closer than an iron band,
See the cheerful flow of spirit,
And the ancient symbols grand.

Then we feel 'tis well for brethren
To assemble often here,
Thus to aid each other onward,
While receiving words of cheer.
For long years the Lodge Nezinscot
Has maintained a standard high—
Held its councils 'mid the dangers
Which so often underlie.

And the Chapter, too, has prospered,
And a record wisely gained,
Stood, though tempests sometimes threatened,
And its standard well maintained.
And to-night, in pride and beauty,
They unite with one accord,
To cast in their yearly offering
To the service of the Lord.

What has held them strong and faithful,
Through these many changeul years?
While in sorrow some have faltered,
Yielding hope to sadder fears.
Well you know that in your number,
There are those, who, heart and soul,
Strive to keep the flame well kindled,
And the baser acts control.

Those whose lives like incense rising,
Mount to higher thoughts above,
And o'erflowing with devotion,
Prize for aye, a brother's love.

Those who work, that noble manhood
Deep within their souls have place,
And in truthfulness endeavor,
Worthiness each act to grace.

And while here to-night united
In these customs, old and grand—
While the flow of social feeling
Fills the head, and heart, and hand—
While we feel that strength united
Is the surest moving power,
And while harmony triumphant,
Chases discord from the hour.

Would it not be well, my brothers,
And a fitting time to-night,
To remember in all kindness.
One now passed from mortal sight?
Who for years has been a pillar,
Staid and true like men of old,
And whose voice has oft resounded
With an accent firm and bold,

As he gave with care the message
Oft entrusted to him here,
And who labored long and faithful,
That the lights should well appear.
“Well done, good and faithful servant,”
Must be written of him now;
He has passed the vail immortal,
While ye drape the altar’s brow.

What though time had ploughed its furrow,
And disease an impress made,
Still he stood a loyal brother—
Here his highest hopes were laid.
In his soul he loved his Order—
Would you have it proved to you?
Then look backward, down the pathway
Which with care he did pursue.

Many years he met here with you,
And in labor took a part—
Lent his aid whenever needed—
Stored the precepts in his heart.
But to-night his place is vacant,
Ye have lain him down to rest,
Folded now his cold hands over
His inactive, lifeless breast.

Ye have stood beside the casket
Which contained his sacred dust—
Cast your token of remembrance,
And consigned him to the just.
Earth has hid his form forever,
“Dust to dust” was truly said—
Is that all, O honored brothers?
Is the spirit also dead?

Shall we dare to lift the curtain,
Look beyond this mortal strife?
It was promised that the faithful
Should receive a “crown of life.”

This we find within your lodges,
It is taught with utmost care—
Then of course we take the promise
That your brother will be there.

Ah! methinks we now behold him
Passing through the inner-vail,
Where the holy ones may enter
When the earthly life shall fail.
See his noble soul uplifted.
To a grander lodge above—
Hear the deep Celestial music,
Filling all the place with love.

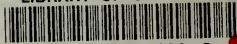
As we see how he has cherished
All the virtues of the craft,
Till his soul received their impress,
And the "living waters" quaffed.
So e'en now his robes are comely,
Fashioned from his earthly deeds,
For we form our future clothing
From our actions, not our creeds.

Who can say but what his spirit,
Passing on to scenes anew,
Was accepted by an order
Of the noble, pure and true.
Who conducted him in kindness
To the Royal Arch on High—
Gave a token of their favor,
Where the good can never die.

And entrusted to his keeping,
 Secrets deeper than ye know,
And invested him with jewels,
 His true membership to show.
While his soul responded gladly,
 In the language of the free :
“As ye will, O worthy Master,
 So forever mote it be.”



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